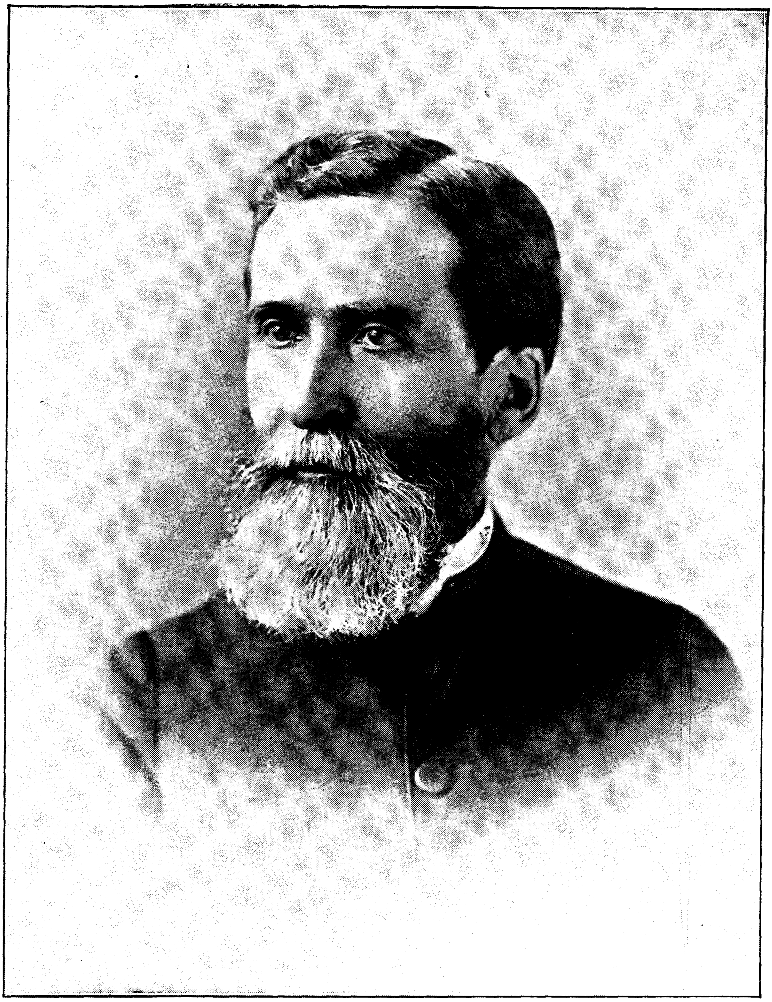

Yours Sincerely
J. M. Thoburn

Light in the East

INDIA MALAYSIA

....THE....

PHILLIPINES

BY

BISHOP J. M. THOBURN, D. D.

AND

BISHOP F. W. WARNE, D. D.

WITH A COMPLETE INDEX.

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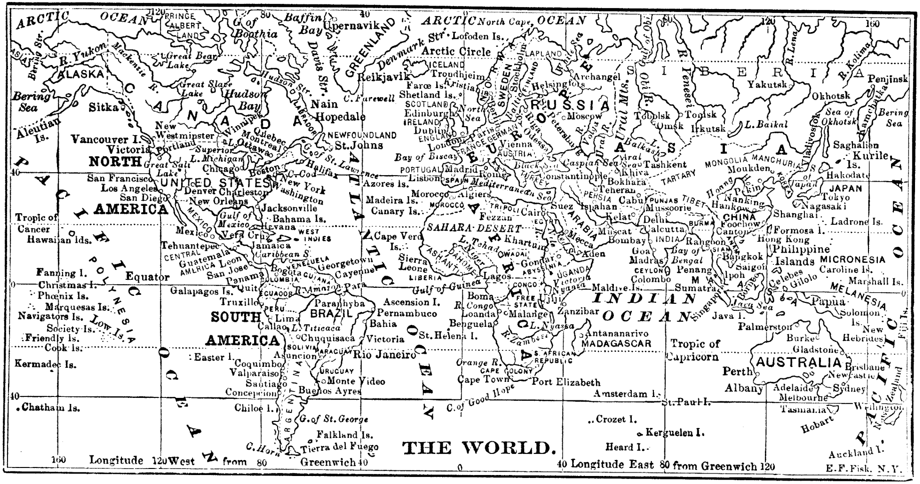
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Teheran
PERSIA
Ispahan
Cabul
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Muscat
Mecca
Red Sea
Aden
Khartum
Gondar
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L. Tchad
R. Niger
DAHOMEY
ASHANTI
LIBERIA
Lagos
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Sierra Leone
Gulf of Guinea
Ascension I.
St. Helena I.
Boma
R. Congo
CONGO FREE STATE
Loanda
Malange
Benguela
L. Nyassa
R. Zambesi
Zanzibar
Orange R.
CAPE COLONY
Cape Town
C. of Good Hope
Port Elizabeth
S. AFRICAN REPUBLIC
Antananarivo
Amsterdam I.
St. Paul I.
Crozet I.
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Tobolsk
Omsk
Tomsk
Irkutsk
L. Baikal
L. Balkash
Tashkent
TARTARY
MONGOLIA
MANCHURIA
Moukden
Vladivostok
Yakutsk
R. Lena
R. Kolima
Okhotsk
Sea of Okhotsk
Kamchatka
Penjinsk
Bering Sea
Saghalien
Kurile Is.
Hakodate
Sea of Japan
KOREA
Tokyo
Nagasaki
Peking
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Hankow
Shanghai
Foochow
Canton
Hong Kong
Formosa I.
Ladrone Is.
PUNJAS
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Mussoorie
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Penang
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Philippine Islands
MICRONESIA
Caroline Is.
Marshall Is.
MELANESIA
Papua
Solomon Is.
New Hebrides
Fiji Is.
Palmerston
Burke
Gladstone
Brisbane
Newcastle
Sydney
Perth
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E. F. Fisk. N. Y.

THE WORLD.

PREFACE.

The writer has been urged to undertake his present task in the interests of the very remarkable movement which is taking place among the lower castes in North India. In some respects this is the most extraordinary movement which has yet been witnessed in the foreign field. Light is truly bursting forth in the East and no effort should be spared to place the facts of the case before the Christian public at home. The present situation is full of hope, but very much depends on the action of the Christians in America who are, in a measure, responsible for the work. They need to know what has been done, and what can be done, and what is the full measure of their responsibility inthe case. To help them to a knowledge of both their duty and responsibility, this little book is now placed before the public.

It would be impossible to make more than casual mention of the work of other Missionary Societies than the one with which the writer chances to be connected. Space would not suffice to print even a descriptive list of them all. The most deserving may, perhaps, escape notice altogether. The writer does not for a moment forget that the most illustrious names in the list of Indian missionaries belong to other denominations than his own. J. M. T.

PREFACE TO THE NEW EDITION.

The very fact that we go to press with a new edition of LIGHT IN THE EAST indicates the interest of the public in this book. This is very gratifying. Many persons have written of this small volume as "thrilling with interest." Absorbing as the main subject is which Bishop Thoburn presents; a large number of facts and many incidents concerning the people have been interwoven in the story he tells. This is, perhaps, one of the great attractions. If the reader will refer to the 10th page our meaning will be the more clear.

In this new volume many new features have been introduced.

The Phillipine Islands are described in several chapters by Bishop Warne; the Ladies, both American and Indian, come in for more particular attention; Illustrations have been introduced in larger number; Maps also; and what will be appreciated by all, a full index will help every reader in his search for particular subjects.

At the last moment Bishop Warne presented us an article on the DARJEELING DISASTER, which we are glad to introduce. T. C.

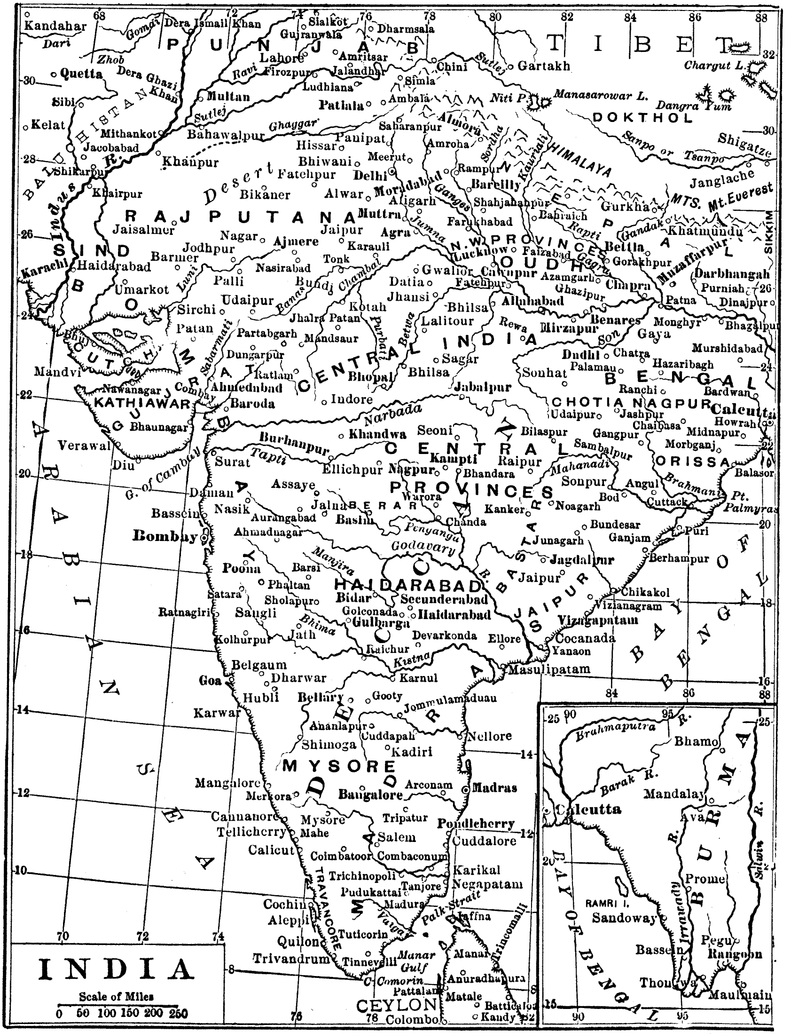
We acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. Foreman, F. R. G. S. for the many valuable facts pertaining to the Philippine Islands, contained in this work. Mr. Foreman is an authority upon that country and was consulted by the American Peace Commissioners at Paris. Also our acknowledgements are herewith extended to Rev. Thomas Craven, M. A., but for whose labor the presentation of so many interesting facts concerning the Philippines would have been impossible. We remember with pleasure the courtesy of the Northwestern Christian Advocate by which the Darjeeling disaster is presented in illustrated form and the fine picture of Bishop Wm. Taylor is given to the readers of Light in the East.

CHAPTER I.

THE EAST

From remote antiquity "The East" has been a term with a frequently shifting meaning. To the ancient Hebrews it sometimes meant parts of Arabia, and at other periods it took in the great valley of the Euphrates and Tigris, and later still, Persia and the regions beyond. In Europe the usage has varied more or less, but for the most part, especially since the Crimean war, the whole Levantine region around the Eastern end of the Mediterranean has been popularly spoken of as The East, and the disposition to be made of Turkey is invariably called "The Eastern Question;" but in more recent years a wider and more remote "East" has been coming more and more into view, until now the ancient title of a few districts in Western Asia is sometimes applied to the whole mighty continent, within the confines of which two-thirds of the human race find their homes to-day.

To no part of the great Asiatic continent can the term "The East" be more properly applied than to India and Malaysia. India is a strictly oriental country in the popular sense of that term. Its natural scenery; its cities and towns; its ancient buildings and public works; the customs and habits of its people; its religious and political institutions, all remind us of that oriental world with which we have all been familiar from our childhood. The distant and little known region to which the name Malaysia is now beginning to be applied, belongs no less properly to the oriental world. The long strip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Karikal
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Pudukattai
Tanjore
Negapatam
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Cochin
Madura
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Aleppi
Vaiga
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Manar Gulf
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Trivandrum
Tinnevelli
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C. Comorin
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Batticaloa
Colombo
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Calcutta
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of land known as the Malay Peninsula was the "Golden Chersonese" of Milton's day, and bears that title in his immortal Paradise Lost, while the beautiful islands lying beyond were in those days regarded as the confines of an unknown treasure land, where all things beautiful and costly with which the oriental world had been familiar from the earliest times, could be found in abundance. Those island regions literally stood at the "golden gates of day," and now seem, both by tradition and geographical position, entitled above all other parts of the world to belong to the region known as The East.

But in a better and more practical sense India holds a most important position in Asia. She has influenced all the nations around her. The mighty empire of China might as well have been shut in by an impassable wall since its first appearance on the stage of history, so far as its influence on the outer world is concerned. Until very recently the Chinaman had been absolutely without any influence whatever in the outside world. His face has seldom been seen, and his voice has rarely been heard in the councils of nations, nor has Japan until recently influenced the Asiatic world for either good or bad; while of Corea it may truly be said that she has merited her title of "The Hermit Nation." Thibet has received from India, but has yielded very little back in return for her gifts. The Western nations in the earliest times received valuable lessons in science from India, but until recently contributed little in return. India, on the other hand, gave a new religion to all Eastern Asia, and also penetrated the jungles of the Southeastern Islands. The ruins of ancient Hindu temples are found beneath the jungles of Java and other islands of the Malay Archipelago, showing that long centuries ago the people of India must have carried their religious institutions into those distant regions. The frozen passes of the Himalayas could not keep out the early Buddhist missionaries from the great plateau of Central Asia, and with the exception of the wild tribes of the northwestern frontier, every nation that

touched India became subject to her religious ideas, and adopted her religious institutions. Hence when we look at the vast Asiatic continent as The East of the modern world, we cannot but see that, for the present, at least, its most important point is the great Indian Empire. It is emphatically The East of the present generation. Whether we view it religiously, politically, or from a commercial standpoint, the result is the same; it stands out pre-eminently as that part of the great Asiatic continent from which its uncounted millions have the most to hope or fear.

What is this East? What is the India of which we speak, and what the unknown region called Malaysia beyond? The Empire of India is another Europe, so far as geographical extent and population are concerned. In round numbers it contains 1,500,000 square miles, with a population of 300,000,000. Like Europe it is composed of many different peoples, speaking diverse languages. A stranger passing through Europe will not see greater differences in the appearance of the people, or hear greater diversities of language, than he would see and hear in passing through India. One hundred and three millions of the people speak the Hindustani tongue in its two branches, Urdu and Hindi; 40,000,000 speak the Bengali language; while from ten to twenty millions speak the Marathi, Panjabi, Tamil and other tongues. With the exception of a few remote tribes, all these millions are civilized peoples, and were civilized a thousand years before the rudest form of civilization had penetrated the forests of Germany, France and Great Britain. Nearly all the arts of civilized Europe flourish in India; the people with rare exceptions live in towns, villages and hamlets, and although their style of living is very primitive, yet the rudest among them are elevated very far indeed above the level of savage life. The ordinary dwelling of the villager is simply a small mud-walled house, with not more than two rooms, each about ten by twelve feet, and covered with a grass thatch. In towns and

villages the houses are mostly built of brick or stone, and in some cases are very fine structures. Little or no furniture is found within, while cooking utensils and dishes are of the most primitive kind.

An American arriving in India is surprised to discover that there are no Buddhists in that country. It has been so popular in recent years to exalt Buddhism and to speak of it as the "Light of Asia," that it is not strange that many Americans think India owes all her blessings to that ancient religion. Buddhism did originate in India, and at one time held sway over most of the empire, but for many centuries it has been unknown except in the traditions of the people. It was not driven out of the country by persecution, but seems to have been slowly expelled by its better organized and persistent opponent, ancient Hinduism. The people are popularly supposed to be divided into two great classes—Hindus and Mohammedans—but as a matter of fact there are three great religious divisions in India. A large number of the people, especially those called aborigines, are demon worshipers, and this term may truthfully be applied to many who are called Mohammedans and Hindus. In fact, all manner of superstitious notions may be found among the people, and no term will fully describe any very large number of them. Both Hindus and Mohammedans have been noted for centuries for their intense attachment for their respective faiths, and conversions from one religion to the other were very rare before the English era. Strictly speaking it is absurd to speak of anyone born outside the Hindu community becoming converted to the Hindu faith, but in recent years the Brahmans have learned how to wink at innovations of various kinds, and large numbers of the aborigines and outcastes have been quietly permitted to assume the usages and forms of worship belonging to Hinduism, and to take their places in the general Hindu community. In this movement a good many nominal Mohammedans are likewise drawn into the Hindu fold. On the other hand, large numbers of the lower

class Hindus have in recent years been incorporated into the Mohammedan community, but all these so-called converts hold their new faith very loosely, and may at times be seen alternately worshiping at the shrines of both religions.

In the Malay Peninsula and in the islands beyond, the Mohammedans have gained a strong foothold, and their Malay converts are extremely bigoted in their attachment to the faith of Islam. Buddhism still holds its own in Burma and Siam, but has failed to maintain its position in the islands to the Southeast. The population of this distant region is not accurately known. A census of the island of Java, taken a few years ago, surprised the world by bringing to light the fact that over 22,000,000 people live on that island. The other great islands of the Archipelago are much more sparsely populated. The Malay Peninsula also contains a very sparse population, but its coasts, as well as those of the adjacent islands, are being rapidly settled by colonists from China, and this region bids fair to become a very important part of the eastern world. Taking in the whole vast area, from the mountains which shut in the valley of the Indus to the great islands on which the Malay language is spoken, we have a vast population of not less than 325,000,000 souls, making, at a moderate computation, one-fifth of the population of the entire globe.

CHAPTER II.

DARKNESS BEFORE DAWN.

The brightest morning has its beauty and its joy enhanced by the fact that it marks the end of long and gloomy hours of darkness. Night precedes day, and darkness reigns before light comes to fill the earth with joy and gladness. In like manner spiritual light ever comes to drive darkness from its throne, and, as Christ has been made known to nation after nation, there has

been a constant repetition of the same scene of darkness fleeing away before the coming light, and the ushering in of a new day, full of hope, and life, and blessing.

In India the night has indeed been a long one. Ages ago,

HINDU DEVOTEE.

when David was writing the psalmody of Israel, and Solomon ruling in the midst of the most polished court of the world, the ancient sages of India were singing the purest hymns which the votaries of Hinduism have ever known. In that far off age

something like a religious dawn can be descried, but it soon vanishes from our view. As the years went by, darkness steadily settled down over the people: Brahmanism appeared upon the scene; caste sprang into existence, and became a mighty engine of social and religious oppression; idol worship spread widely; demon worship was borrowed from the aboriginal tribes, and thus the darkness spread, until at last the people of India became the victims of the most thoroughly organized, the most carefully constructed, and the most unrelenting and unyielding system of religious error ever known in human history.

It is true that Buddhism intervened about five or six centuries before Christ, and for a time deserved the name of reform, but, as mentioned in the last chapter, it has gone, and even if it had survived it would no doubt have degenerated, as it has in all other countries. Wherever known to-day this ancient religion is almost the exact reverse of its former self. Both Hinduism and Buddhism have their golden age in the remote past, and Christianity alone among known religious systems has its golden age in the future.

The Mohammedans invaded India at an early period, but the religion of Islam brought little or no light to the people of India. It is true that the Mohammedan believes in one God, and also acknowledges the Hebrew Scriptures and the four gospels of the Christians, as inspired, but his history for centuries has furnished a striking illustration of the truth that when the light which a person possesses has turned into darkness, that darkness becomes the blackest known to mortals. We may see illustrations of this truth in every part of our own Christian country. The worst men living are those who sin against the clearest light. In his everyday life the Mohammedan in India appears to possess very little advantage over his heathen neighbor.

If the reader interposes to ask what is meant in these remarks by the word "darkness," the reply can be given in two words—No Christ; but in every case these two words will be

found to mean much more than appears at first sight. The people who have no knowledge of Christ will in every case be found without any personal knowledge of God. No living man or woman can be found who professes to know Jesus Christ who does not also profess to know God as his or her Heavenly Father. The knowledge of the one is the complement of the knowledge of the other. Jesus said, "No man cometh unto the Father except by Me," and it follows as a corallary that every one who comes to Christ cometh to the Father also.

As there is no personal knowledge of the Heavenly Father, so there is no prayer. So far as my personal observation has extended, I have never met or known any non-Christian people, who understood what prayer was, unless in the case of persons who had been in contact with Christians or Jews. Many Mohammedans repeat prayers, but for the most part are unable to understand the meaning of the Arabic words which they employ. Among the ordinary Hindus, I have never found any trace of any exercise like Christian prayer. Sacred words are sometimes repeated, but the ordinary worship before an idol or a shrine consists merely in presenting an offering and performing certain acts of adoration, with perhaps the additional registration, mentally or otherwise, of a vow. Prayer in the Christian sense of the word, that is, talking with God, is a distinctly Christian exercise.

As there is no Christ, so there is no living hope in the heart; no apprehension of immortality, either as a future possibility or as a present gift. To the multitude the future is a blank; a subject which occasions no misgiving, and which seldom provokes a moment's thought. With the multitude there is no heaven to aspire to, and the only hell which is dreaded is the fear of a long series of transmigrations, many of which may be of a painful character. People brought up in a country like the United States, within the sound of joyous Christian hymns, and with a thousand associations around them to remind them of the better world, can hardly appreciate what a blank it makes

in the life of an individual, or in the ordinary intercourse of society, to blot out a recognition of heaven and immortality, not only from all literature but from all ordinary conversation, and from all ordinary forms of worship. The world grows dark indeed in the absence of this hope, which seems to permeate Christian society everywhere.

While many intelligent persons in India have risen superior to the faith of the multitude in all coarse forms of idolatry, yet it may still be said of the mass of the people, that they are "joined to their idols," as perhaps few people in history have been joined. They worship almost all manner of objects; images made of gold, silver, brass, wood, stone and mud, are seen in every direction; sacred animals, such as cows, elephants and monkeys; sacred mountains and rivers; sacred reptiles and birds; sacred flowers and trees, together with an endless throng of fairies, ghosts and demons, all seem to meet the credulous Hindu at every turn, so that he seems to live and move and have his being in gross idolatry. And yet the average Hindu is quick to tell you that he does not worship idols at all. Multitudes of the more intelligent people are able to explain that they simply use these objects as symbols. Those of a more philosophical turn of mind are able to call attention to the necessity which all men instinctively feel for some intermediate object between man and God, and Christians sometimes cite the same fact as evidence of the felt need of a mediator between man and his Maker. These explanations, however, do not very materially shed light upon the darkness in which the Hindu lives and moves. Idolatry at its very best is a blight and a curse to every nation which becomes its victim.

Not the least striking of the evils which idolatry entails upon its followers, is the mental darkness which invariably accompanies it. Man is never found in his normal state unless his heart is warmed and his mind illuminated by the spirit of the living God, and hence it follows as might be expected that every nation which has failed to accept Christ, and through

Him the gift of God's Holy Spirit, has been kept in a state of mental as well as spiritual darkness. A glance at the world strikingly illustrates this statement. The Christian missionary, when he leaves home, turns his face toward one country after another in which Christ is not known or obeyed, and wherever he goes he finds the people living in a state of mental darkness. They do not cultivate science; they have no interest in literature, and without exception are found apparently unable to make an inch of progress in any good direction. Every non-Christian country in the world seems to have had its civilization petrified for ages, and to have wholly lost the inventive faculty. There was a time when the people of China, Japan, and India, were able to perfect many new inventions, but for centuries upon centuries they seem to have lost that gift altogether. They invent nothing; they take no interest in public education; they cultivate no literature, an seem to have settled down into a state of mental lethargy. These remarks hold true of every community in the world which up to the present hour is beyond the reach of active Christian influences, and applies to those Roman Catholic regions where Christ and his revealed word are rigidly excluded from the people by so-called Christian authorities. In India, where missionaries have been at work for a century, and where Christian influences have long had free course among the people, a thousand evidences can be seen of the awakening of the people to a new life, and many darkened lives are becoming enlightened indeed, but in more remote regions, both in non-Christian and Roman Catholic countries, the truth is still illustrated, that those who are without a knowledge of the living Christ are plunged in mental darkness. In the Phillipines; in the interior of China, and the remote parts of India, the rule is found to work uniformly in the same way.

To sum up in a few words; the condition of the people who are without Christ is a condition of spiritual darkness. They have no hope, and are without God in the world. As a simple

matter of fact, it might be said that they are without hope both with reference to this world and the next. It is true that they do not seem to trouble themselves much about a future state in one way or another, but that is only another way of saying that they have no hope. Like travelers in a stormy night, they look up and see no star; they are going they know not whither. To the Christian in a Christian land the thought of living such a life would seem little short of exchanging joy for misery, light for darkness, and hope for despair.

HINDU DEVOTEES.

CHAPTER III.

THE LIGHT.

It is not the will of God that any human being should grope his way through life in gloom and darkness. For every individual and every family, for every tribe and every nation, God has provided in ample measure, full and free, the light of life, a light which illumines every pathway, and shines with brighter ray as the earthly pilgrim nears the valley of shadows at life's close. Ages ago God looked down on the moral chaos into which sin had plunged the world, and repeated with a deeper meaning the first mandate—"Let there be light," and forthwith our race became heir to the heavenly gift of a light before which every form of darkness must forever flee.

What is this light? It is not the diffusion of intelligence; it is not the quickening of mental faculties or a system of popular education; it does not consist in a moral code or an elaborate creed, or a church, or an inspired book, or in advanced civilization, or a reign of newspapers and books. The light of the world is He of whom it is written, "He is the true light which lighteth every one that cometh into the world;" He who said of Himself, "I am the light of the world."

The best Christians are strangely slow to realize that their Master really lives among men, and is in the midst of his people forevermore. When about to ascend and take his seat upon the mediatorial throne of the universe, and seemingly in the very act of bidding his disciples farewell, his parting words were, "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." That he is present with his own, millions of living believers

can attest, and to each it is a personal presence. The Holy Spirit reveals Christ to believing hearts, and so reveals him that each disciple is enabled more or less distinctly to realize his immediate presence. As the waters of the sea encircling the globe have the power to mirror back the sun which shines in the heavens above, and as the one sun, far removed from our little planet, presents a million suns to the vision of an ærial voyager floating above the surface of the sea, so in like manner the Spirit of God reveals the Son of Righteousness in every place where a believing heart is found. It is just here that we find an evidence of Christianity which apologists of all ages have too much overlooked, and which seldom fails to close the lips of modern objectors to the truth of the story of the resurrection.

Every true disciple of Jesus Christ bears the image of his Master. A true Christian is a person who has been made alive from a state of spiritual death, and has been brought forth into a new world of life and light. He is born from above, not only with the restored image of God, but in a striking degree he also bears the likeness of the Elder Brother of the heavenly family, Jesus Christ. We all cherish the hope that when Christ shall appear we shall be like him, but in a blessed sense it is our privilege to be like him now. While we remain here on earth we must continue to bear the lowly image in which our Master appeared among men, but his inner life becomes our inheritance. Of Him it was said, "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." The two words, life and light, are here used interchangeably. When Christ was on earth he illuminated every darkened place to which he came, and his disciples likewise, who share his life, are gifted with the power to shed light around them wherever they go. They become children of light, and not only possess light within their own souls but are gifted with the power to shed light upon the pathway which they tread. They understand in a practical way what it is to have fellowship with the Son of God; they walk

with him throughout their pilgrimage on earth, and realize the meaning of every word of their glad song:

> "I'm walking close by Jesus' side,
> So close, that I can hear
> The softest whisper of his love,
> In fellowship so dear;
> And feel his great almighty hand
> Protects me in this hostile land."

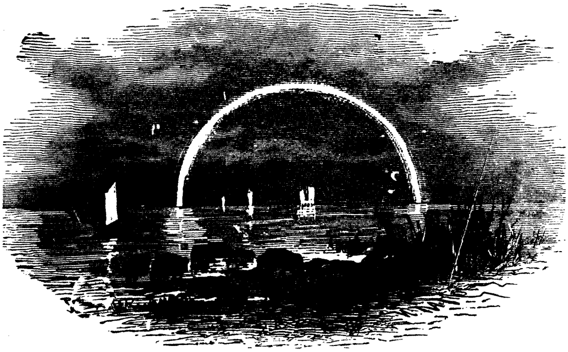
This is walking in the light. The living Christ is a present friend, a mighty helper, an omnipotent Saviour. He becomes an inmate of every home, a comforter of all who sorrow, a helper of every one in need. Our world needs such a Saviour, not merely to bear trembling souls across the Jordan of death, but to guide, strengthen, and help them amid the storms and trials of life.

The task of the missionary is a double one. He must not only go as a messenger of Jesus Christ, but he must take the Master's blessed presence with him. As the disciples carried the bread to the famished people, so the disciples of to-day must take the Bread of Life to famished and perishing nations. Truly the calling of the missionary is a high and holy calling, and one which there is reason to fear has not been sufficiently understood.

The nations need this light of the world. They sit in dense darkness, and in the shadow of death. Even Christian nations as yet, have hardly emerged from the shadowy outlines of early dawn, and they will continue to walk in the midst of shadows as long as they fail to comprehend that Christ is the world's true light. From him all other forms of light will radiate; religion, social order, progress, liberty, education, in short, all that bears the name of light, will be fostered and spring into wonderful activity when Christ is recognized, honored, and obeyed by the sons of men. When we say that light is breaking in the East, our meaning is, that Christ is becoming known

among the thronging millions of that far-off world, that men and women are becoming partakers of his life, that they are beginning to reproduce that life among their fellow men, and that a new era of hope and blessing has dawned upon the nations.

In the following pages, it is proposed to give a brief outline of some of the tokens of the coming morn, which are now gladdening the hearts of many of our weary workers in India and Malaysia. The Eastern sky is certainly beginning to glow with an unwonted brightness, and many who have pondered over the rich promises of God's holy word, and have been watching and waiting for just such tokens as are now appearing, begin to take heart, and gird up their loins anew for one more effort to pull down Satan's strongholds, and prepare a way for the coming of Him to whom all the kingdoms of this world have been promised as an inheritance.



CHAPTER IV.

THE MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

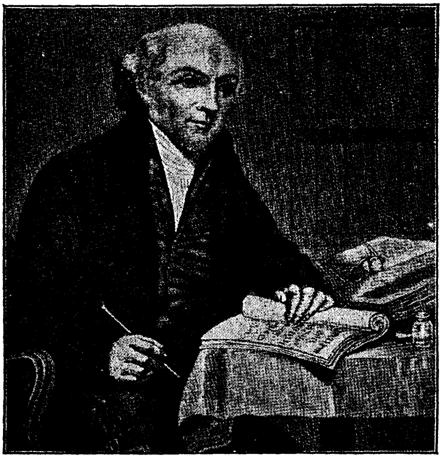
In looking back over the history of the Christian Church, it has often been a wonder to many that Christians of all ages have been so very slow in accepting the task which their Saviour left to his people when he ascended to begin his mediatorial reign. Nothing could have been more explicit than his last command to his disciples to become his witnesses, not only to their own people, and their immediate neighbors, but to the uttermost parts of the earth. The mission of Christianity in the world during the present dispensation is to fulfil this command. Both before and after his death Jesus spoke in unmistakable terms concerning this stupendous task. No possible doubt can be entertained concerning it. It was not to be a mere formality, but was to be executed in the most thorough manner, so that every human being would hear the story. God had sent a Saviour into our world who was to be made known to all nations, and to be so proclaimed that every human being might fly to him in time of need, and find such help as never could be drawn from any human source. From the very beginning, however, the disciples of Christ were slow to take up this task. They did their duty well enough in their own immediate vicinity, but never seemed to think of the regions beyond. A sharp and fierce persecution was required to drive them away from their own loved Jerusalem, and even later, when a miraculous lesson had instructed Peter as to God's willingness and ability to give Christ to all the nations, the lesson was hardly heeded. The work, however, began at last, when Barnabas and Saul

were sent forth from Antioch, and turned their faces toward the western world, thus preparing a way for making Europe a Christian continent.

As time passed, the great commission of our Saviour was again speedily forgotten. The Christians of past ages seemed never to have wholly abandoned their zeal for the spread of their religion, but for many long centuries the idea of making our world a Christian world seems hardly to have been the subject of a thought. The commission of our Saviour was wholly overlooked, until at last an era dawned when good men began deliberately to challenge the statement of the few who insisted that God called upon his people to evangelize all nations. After the great reformation movement of the sixteenth century, a few indications began to appear that the Spirit of God was moving upon the hearts of devout Christians, and stirring them up to a conviction of duty in this regard, but for the most part little progress was made until near the close of the last century, when this conviction began to take a definite shape, and God raised up William Carey to become the leader in England of a movement which was to make itself felt throughout the Protestant world, and inaugurate the great missionary movement of the present age.

When Dr. Carey landed in India, he was not, strictly speaking, the first pioneer of the work which he came to inaugurate. Other good men, especially the Danish missionaries in South India, had worked at a few points, but nothing like a general movement had been started, and the success which had been achieved was only sufficient to make it clear that greater things might be done. The Roman Catholic missions which had been started, and for some time vigorously prosecuted, about two centuries before Carey's day, were in a state of inaction and decay. These missions had never really deserved the name of Christian missions. Many of them had been founded by zealous and devoted men, but with scarce an exception the work had been of the most superficial character, and had been so

closely allied with the political movements of the Portuguese and French rulers, that it had failed to represent Christianity in any proper sense to the people of India. The methods employed by the early Jesuit missionaries were such as the best



WILLIAM CAREY (BAPTIST), FIRST ENGLISH MISSIONARY.

Roman Catholic missionaries of the present day would promptly disown, and when we speak of the missionary movement, it is always necessary to remember that it properly belongs to the nineteenth century.

When Dr. Carey and his brethren first attempted to enter India, they were confronted by an extraordinary state of affairs. The whole East was sealed against the message of Jesus Christ. All the Roman Catholic powers of Europe in those days, were intolerant to the last degree, and it was useless for any one to hope to gain access to any part of the country under their control. China was hermetically sealed against all foreign influences. Japan had at first received the Jesuit missionaries with extraordinary favor, and for a time it seemed

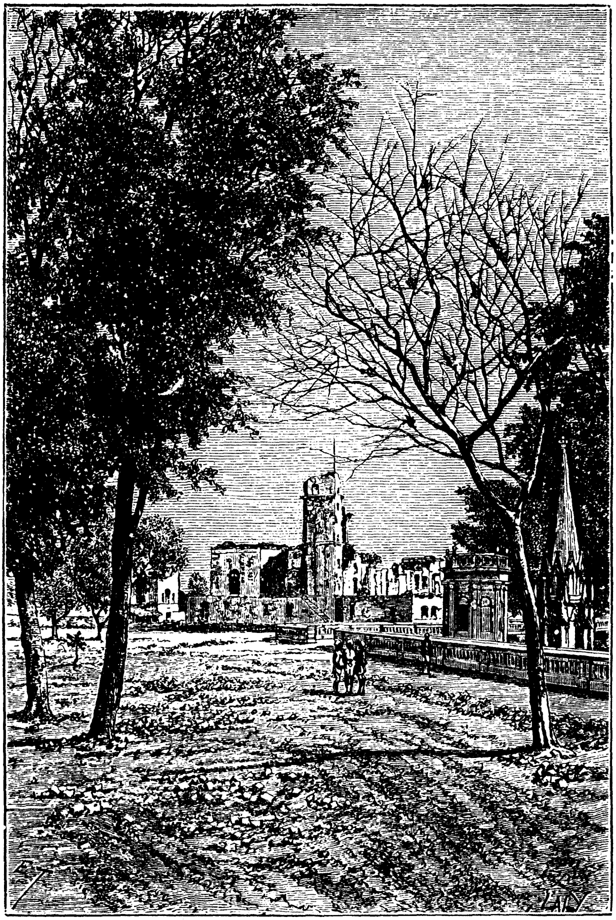
as if Christianity had gained a permanent lodgment there; but the fatal policy of meddling in political affairs pursued the Jesuits to that distant country, as it has followed them everywhere, and led in the end to a terrible massacre, and the extermination of the whole Christian community. The Dutch, who in those days were powerful in some parts of the East, were jealous of English influence, and in any case it had always been their policy to look upon religious movements as inseparable from their own control. The British East India Company at that time was all powerful in India proper, and from the first assumed an attitude of most determined hostility toward all Christian missionaries. Few things in the history of the English people are so extraordinary as this determined effort of the East India Company, supported for the most part by the home government, to prevent any Christian missionary from reaching the people of India. Truly the rulers of this world had taken counsel together against the Lord and against his Annointed, saying that they would have none of his messengers within their dominions, and that they would wholly cast them out of the eastern world. As had happened, however, a thousand times before, the world was once more to learn that He that sitteth in the heavens will ever laugh at such plotters, and have them in utter derision. The story is too long to be told here, but it may be said in a few words, that the missionaries displayed a patience, a perseverance, and an energy, worthy of all admiration, and finally, won a great victory over all opposition. They gained access first to the little Danish settlement of Serampore, and under the fostering care of the enlightened king of Denmark, began the work which has extended all over Southern and Eastern Asia.

The political opposition which the early missionaries encountered, was as nothing to other difficulties which they had to meet. First of all, they were confronted by the gigantic system of caste for which India has always been famous. They found the people divided into hundreds, and even thousands,

of distinct castes, and although living often side by side, separated by social gulfs so deep and wide that it seemed impossible to pass from one side to another. These castes never intermarry, never eat or drink together, never smoke the same pipe, and for the most part never sit down upon the same mat or carpet. They may live on friendly relations as neighbors, but there are certain separating lines which never can be crossed. A change of religion becomes an impossibility in the face of such a system as this. If a man, no matter how good and blameless he may be, and no matter how inoffensive his character as a neighbor may be, becomes a Christian, his caste is at once destroyed, and he must from that time live apart from all his friends. In early days the penalties which caste was able to impose upon those who broke through its trammels, were much more severe than at present. If a man, for instance, were to become a Christian, he would be treated henceforth as if he had died. He must separate himself from his own family, and literally leave not only father and mother, but wife and children; he could no longer live in his own house, and his nearest friends would act toward him, and speak of him, as if he had died. Beyond the pale of his own family he became an object of utter contempt to the general public, and everywhere was shunned as if he had been smitten with leprosy. In recent years these penalties have been to some extent relaxed, or at least ignored, and yet up to the present hour the greatest hindrance to the spread of Christianity in India is the rigid system of Hindu caste. The people of India have always been noted for their intense attachment to old faiths, and this peculiarity is now as marked on the part of the Mohammedans as among the Hindus. It is considered by the multitude discreditable to change one's religion, and most persons have a superstitious fear of doing so. In no other country in the world have the religious prejudices of the multitude become so deeply rooted as in India, and the early missionaries could hardly have proposed anything which would have seemed more absurd to the

multitude, than that the people of India should cast away their idols, give up their traditional religious ideas, and accept a faith which proclaimed the universal brotherhood of the human race. It is popular at the present day, even in the great cities of India, to talk much about the brotherhood of man, and the fatherhood of God, but with the multitude this kind of teaching is anything but popular.

Another obstacle which was encountered was the dense ignorance of the masses. A century ago very few of even the most respectable people were able to read, and very few persons had ever encountered Europeans, except as hostile soldiers on the battlefield. Little was known about Christianity, or the Christian part of the world, and the little that was known had produced an unfavorable impression. India knew Europe only as represented by hostile fleets and armies sent out by the Portuguese, Dutch, English and French governments, always ready to make war upon one another, or, if need be, upon the unoffending tribes and nations of the East. It must have been an almost hopeless task for the first missionaries, after mastering the language, to sit down among the people and try to explain to them that the Christian religion had never been fairly represented among them, and that Christ had really come to put an end to the very things which the Christianity of that day seemed to make most prominent. We need not wonder that their success at first was extremely slow, and that even after the great churches of England, one by one, had taken up this work, a whole generation passed away before any notable headway was made in the conversion of the people. It is true that conversions occurred here and there, and that from the first every now and then some notable man would cast in his lot with the despised followers of the crucified Man of Nazareth, but in a country of such vast extent, and among a people speaking so many different languages, and with such imperfect means of communication as then existed, it is not strange that the early converts saw little and heard little of their brethren



RUINS OF THE RESIDENCY, LUCKNOW - CENTER OF THE MUTINY OF 1857.
ALSO CORNER OF THE CEMETERY IN WHICH MANY OF THE
ENGLISH SLAIN ARE BURIED.

in other places: nor is it strange that a general impression should have gone abroad among the Europeans in India that the missionaries had failed utterly in their attempts to win converts.

A whole half century had passed away before any success was achieved which seemed to hold out promise of better times close at hand. It is true that in some places large numbers of converts had been gathered in, chiefly in times of famine, when impending death made the people willing to forget their fear of caste ostracism, and willing to accept help from any hands which might be stretched out toward them, but in all such cases the missionaries themselves could not but feel that something better than famine must be found to induce the people of India to accept the Christian religion, and hence all eyes were turned toward Burma, when, about the close of the first half century of missionary effort in India, an extraordinary work began to manifest itself among some wild tribes, called Karens. It would be foreign to the purpose for which these brief pages are written to attempt to give a full account of this work, but suffice it to say that a people were found who cared nothing for caste distinctions; who did not seem to be wedded to idolatry, and who had been for generations indulging a hope that help would come to them from some western quarter. Large numbers of these people were converted and received into the Christian Church, and their subsequent lives have proved the genuineness of their faith. Immediately missionaries in different parts of India began to look around them for similar tribes, and attention was quickly drawn to various communities of aborigines—that is, of people who had probably found their way into India before the advent of Aryans, the people who brought with them the elements which afterward developed into the Hindu system, with its burdensome caste rules. New openings were found in various places, and new beginnings made by zealous men and women who were willing to go far from the great centers where European friends and

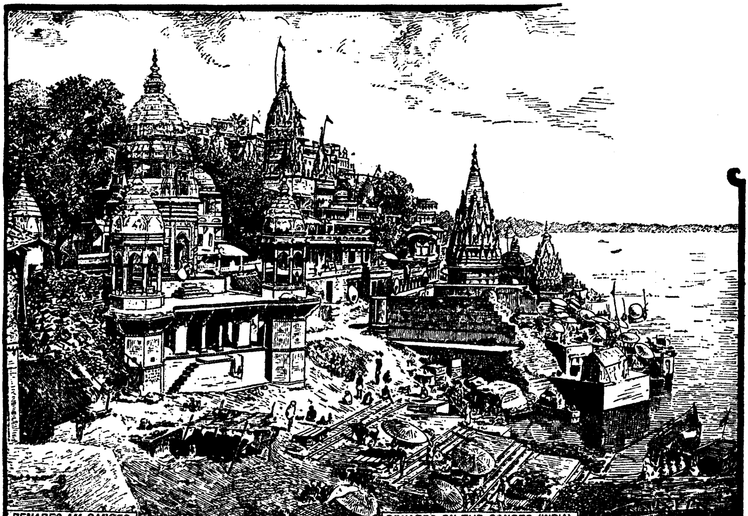
European civilization made life more inviting to them, and thus the missionary work seemed about to enter upon a new phase.

Just here, however, a great crisis intervened and changed the whole phase of public affairs in India. The mutiny of the

THE REV. DR. BUTLER, PIONEER MISSIONARY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH TO INDIA.

Indian sepoys in 1857 placed for a time the English tenure of India in great jeopardy, but finally ended in the utter overthrow of the attempted rebellion, and not only fastened the grip of England upon India more firmly than ever, but virtually proved the beginning of a new era in the history of the empire. Every vestige of opposition to missionary work was swept away by this political cyclone; old institutions were shaken; old notions were readily overturned, and the people of India everywhere were made to feel that unexpected events

and unthought of changes were at hand. Just at this crisis our own mission was planted in India. Dr. Butler reached the country in 1856, and had only fairly settled himself with his family at Bareilly when the storm burst upon Rohilkhand, and the lonely pioneer was driven forth and only succeeded with great difficulty in escaping with his life. Two years elapsed before the conflict was fully ended, and it thus came to pass that our mission was not able, with even a partial equipment, to take up its great task until the latter part of the year 1859.



BENARES AM GANGES. BENARES ON THE GANGES (INDIA).

CHAPTER V.

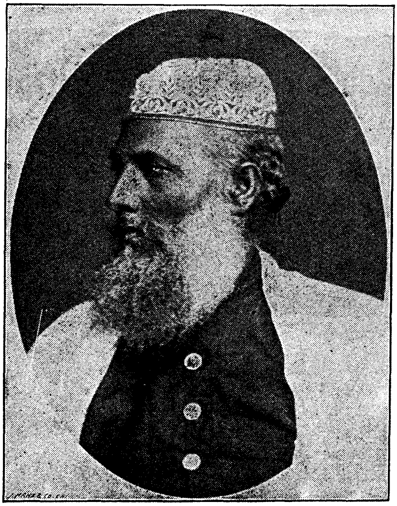
EARLY BEGINNINGS.

It is now a little more than forty-one years since the writer of these pages first reached the field which Dr. Butler had selected for the mission which the Methodist Episcopal Church

REV. J. L. HUMPHREY, M. D.

proposed to establish in India. The western part of Oudh and the little province of Rohilkhand had been chosen, but the rest of Oudh and the mountain province of Kumaun were afterward added to the field. On the map this territory looks small

enough, but it contains a population of 17,000,000 souls, and in those days of small things the new missionaries were impressed with the fear that their field was too large, rather than with a misgiving that it was too small. Little did they dream of the changes which most of them were to live to witness. Six new missionaries had just arrived; three had



ZAHUR UL HAQQ, FIRST NATIVE PRESIDING ELDER.

preceded them by two or three years, and three Englishmen had joined the mission in India. One Hindustani preacher had also been received from the Presbyterian mission, or rather had been given by the brethren of that mission. The total number of members and probationers reported for that year was six.

Even at that early day the missionaries on the ground were able to report a few conversions. Several of these belonged to respectable castes and families. The most noted of the number was a Mohammedan named Zahur ul Haqq, whose

THE FIRST CHAPEL OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN INDIA.

attention had been arrested while listening to a sermon by Dr. J. L. Humphrey in the Bareilly bazaar. This young man gave promise of usefulness almost from the very first, and lived to become the first presiding elder of our church in India. Among the inquirers who had already come to the missionaries, were a number of low caste people belonging to a small colony which in earlier days had come from the extreme northwest. They were known in the Moradabad district, where most of them lived, as Mazhabi Sikhs. This title implied that those bearing it were Sikhs by religious profession, but not by race. As a matter of fact, these people had belonged to a very low caste scattered widely throughout the Panjab, and generally known in that region by the name of Churas. The little colony with which our missionaries came in contact did not enjoy an enviable reputation among their neighbors. While many of the people were fairly honest and respectable, yet others were well known as professional thieves. Hardly a man among them was able to become a tenant to the petty village landlords who rented their lands in small plots to peasant cultivators, and hence the whole community was looked upon as below the line of village respectability. For several years the missionaries failed to appreciate the opening which God had thus providentially set before them, but the field was not wholly neglected. A few of the first inquirers who applied for baptism were received, and admitted to the infant Christian Church.

It is no part of my task to give a detailed account of my doings in India, and I only refer to my own movements as they may furnish a thread for the story which I wish to tell. My first appointment was among the great Himalaya Mountains, at the beautiful little station of Naini Tal, where Dr. Butler had taken refuge during the mutiny, and where the first chapel in our mission was located. A picture of the humble building, formerly used as a sheep house, is given herewith, and five years later I was sent farther into the interior to open

a new mission in the province of Garhwal. The great valley of the Ganges and other rivers of Northern India, constitutes a level region resembling the American prairies, and is popularly spoken of throughout all Northern India as "The Plains." This great plain extends up to the very base of the mountains, and is densely populated. In some places, without reckoning any large towns or cities, the average population exceeds 1,000 to the square mile, while an average of 500 is not by any means considered remarkable. It was perhaps fortunate for me that my earlier years of missionary life were spent among those healthful mountains, and it was not until I had been nine years in the country that I received my first appointment on the plains. During those first nine years I had seen but little success, and yet seed had been sown which in later years has brought forth an abundant harvest. I had always felt somewhat cramped among the people who lived in the almost inaccessible hamlets planted along the rugged sides of the great mountains, and it was not only with cheerfulness, but with the utmost eagerness, that I accepted my first appointment among the people living on the plains. At the beginning of 1868, I removed from Garhwal to the city of Moradabad, at that time the center of the most interesting work in our mission.

Soon after arriving in my new station, I found myself in charge of a large Anglo-vernacular school in the city, with branch schools in the suburbs, and a number of other schools scattered over a large district. From the very first, I felt strongly drawn to the villages, and whenever I could find respite from the pressing duties of the central station I hurried out into the country, and soon became acquainted with the few scattered Christians which we had in remote villages. It often—indeed, I might say always—seemed to me that we were making very slow progress. I was too short-sighted to see that we were doing a preparatory work which must be finished before greater things could be attempted. At the very time that it seemed to me that I was accomplishing little, two preachers who

were working under me were yet to become presiding elders, and two boys who at times gave us much anxiety, were already in training for the same responsible office. I have lived to see all four of these men develop into workmen who have thus far never needed to be ashamed. One of them, Abraham Solomon, was an oriental Jew, almost as dark in complexion as the Hindustani people among whom he lived. At that time he spoke the language very indifferently, and gave little promise of the ability as a soul winner which he has displayed in later years. I have since then been permitted to ordain to the Christian ministry a dozen other boys and men who were then known to me as Christian converts, but who gave little or no promise in those days of the useful labors which they are now achieving.

Later in the year 1868, I succeeded in making arrangements which enabled me to take long tours among the villages, where I became still better acquainted not only with our converts but with the various village communities, and I soon found myself studying many of the most important problems which have since engaged our serious attention. As I look back to those distant days, I can remember but too well that for the most part I felt much depressed with the outlook before us. Our converts were so poor, so ignorant, so wanting in personal influence, and of such low social standing, that it seemed a hopeless task to try to build up a permanent Christian church out of such material. I shall never forget one scene which I witnessed in the little village of Joa, about twenty miles from Moradabad. I had gone to the village to preach and hold a communion service, and a goodly number of the people from neighboring villages had come together. I had been oppressed during the day with the apparent want of interest among the people, and as the men came forward and knelt before me to receive the bread and wine, the thought came to me that such men could never furnish the solid material needed for the foundation of a great Christian organization. Some of them had been professional

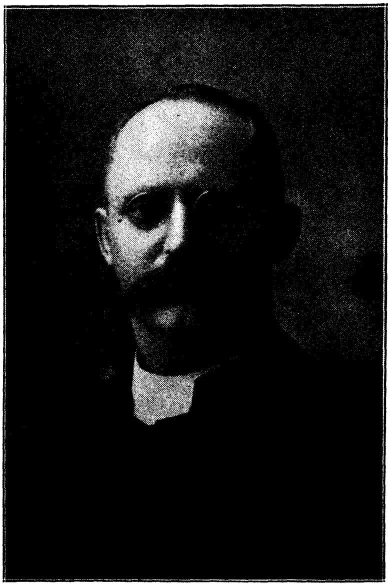
thieves, and even then, after having become Christians, if a theft occurred in the neighborhood, most of them were sure to be arrested on suspicion, and kept under guard until the case had been investigated. I felt like yielding to utter discouragement as I looked at them, but now when I think of the scene I am amazed at my own dullness of vision. It did not occur to me for a moment that when our Saviour died upon the cross he had a thief at his right hand, and another at his left, and that if any men in the wide world had a rightful claim upon the Saviour of sinners, the poor despised converts kneeling before me were the men. I have since lived to lay my hands upon two of those men and ordain them to the Christian ministry, and have seen the whole community win a character which has caused their neighbors to forget that they were ever anything else than Christians.

In one of my tours during that year I went to a remote village named Bashta, where I had arranged to baptize two or three converts who had received the usual preparatory instruction. In those days it was the universal custom to keep converts under training some little time before admitting them to the solemn rite of baptism. Some of us had begun to see that the ordinary rules would have to be relaxed if the people came to us in large numbers, but up to that time we had all felt extremely reluctant to take so important a step without using every precaution to test the sincerity of the convert. It so happened that the baptisms at Bashta took place under a mango tree near the town. The ceremony had been performed, and I had preached to the people who had come from the surrounding villages, and was about to dismiss the congregation, when to my amazement seven men stepped out of the crowd and said, "Sahib, we wish to be Christians; please baptise us." I was for a moment so surprised that I hardly knew what to do. In those days the people were as much afraid of baptism as of cholera or leprosy, and I could hardly credit my ears when I heard the request. I however managed to say that I was glad

to see them prepared to take such a step, and that I would leave a Christian brother with them for a month, and on my return would baptise them if he reported favorably. Our good brother Zahur ul Haqq, who was much wiser than myself in such matters, began to sing in order to make time, and when the rest took up the hymn, he came to me and said, "Sahib, if you don't baptise these men, here and now, you will never see them again. They think you are merely making a plausible excuse for getting rid of them, and that you do not trust them. They are greatly disappointed, and will go away feeling that you have rejected them, and they will never come back." I felt the truth of what he said, but still hesitated. It was one of the hardest tasks of my life to decide the question which was thus thrust upon me; but I felt that the least risk would be on the side of immediate action, and when the hymn was finished I said to them that I had concluded to take my brother's advice, and baptize them first, and teach them afterward. I accordingly asked them a few simple questions, and they knelt down on the hard ground under the mango tree, and received the baptism of water, which I explained to them was but a sign of the inward baptism of the Holy Spirit. This was to me an eventful hour, although I did not comprehend it at the time. I was still dull of vision, and could not understand that God was about to open a wide and effectual door through which we might enter into a scene of successful evangelization which would severely task all our resources.

I still remember how in those days I used to dream of some kind of a missionary pentecost which I hoped God would send upon his servants working in India, forgetting that without the antecedent conditions of the first pentecost at Jerusalem, it is vain to expect a similar manifestation in modern times. While losing sight of the very simple conditions on which God assures us that he will always work with his people, I was forever dreaming of something new; some marvelous uprising of the people, or some still more marvelous out-pouring of blessings from the

opening windows of heaven. It is strange how we mortals, with our feeble faith, are forever prone to turn away from the simple conditions of success which God sets before us, and look for something else; something so high that we cannot attain to it, or so deep that we cannot fathom its depth, and thus we waste years in painful and almost fruitless toil, when we might be working cheerfully and achieving constant success. Had we pushed out vigorously into this village work, received the people who came to us without misgiving, and devoted our best strength to bringing them to Christ as a living Saviour, we might at once have entered upon a career of spiritual conquest for which we were obliged to wait nearly a quarter of a century.



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CHAPTER VI.

EXPANSION OF OUR FIELD.

While we were busy during our first decade laying the foundations of our work in India, great changes had been taking place throughout the empire. The European military forces had been permanently increased; railways had been built, connecting all the great centers of the country; mines had been opened; cotton and jute mills and other manufacturing establishments had been built; a new commercial activity had developed, and not only had the European and Eurasian communities increased in the great cities, but scores of new settlements had sprung up along the great railway lines. The masses of the Indian people were beginning to stir abroad, and our converts were already beginning to pass beyond the limits of our little field.

As the years passed, many of our missionaries had been slowly yielding to a conviction that God had a wider field and a greater work for us than had been at first contemplated. At first we only looked across the Ganges, but as time passed, it began to be felt that possibly we might be led to regions very far beyond our little corner of India. At last, in the year 1870, we crossed the Ganges and began to preach in Cawnpore, but felt in doubt about our further progress. Just then it so happened that Bishop Taylor, at that time known as "California Taylor," who was still pursuing his work as an evangelist, arrived in India, and began to preach in Lucknow. God blessed his preaching and gave him souls for his hire. He remained four years in the country. Just here I might remark

that of the many evangelists who have come to India very few have left any permanent traces of their work behind them. The same remark might have been made of Bishop Taylor, had he hurried through the country as nearly all others have done, but during his four years' stay he was able to consolidate his work in many places, and probably in all his career no part of his work has produced more permanent results than have been seen in India. He went from place to place, not making flying trips, but pausing some months, and in two instances as long as a year at a time, so as to consolidate his work. The result was, that at the end of four years, Methodist churches had been organized among the English-speaking people in most of the large cities of the Empire, and when Bishop Harris visited the country in 1874, he officially perfected the organization of the whole work, and gave it a recognized position in connection with the missionary society of the Church.

For some years it did not seem very clear what value would be permanently attached to our English work in India. Many of our friends in America looked upon it with great misgiving, fearing that it would divert the attention of our missionaries from the greater work of giving the gospel to the Hindus and Mohammedans. Others thought that among so sparse a population no important churches could be built up, and no material help received for the prosecution of the general work. Time, however, soon began to teach its lessons, and it was found that wherever a foot-hold had been gained among the English-speaking people, a corresponding work was sure to manifest itself among the natives. It thus came to pass in due time that our missionaries were found preaching to the people, not only in the Hindustani language throughout North India, but in Bengali, Marathi, Gujrati, Tamil, Kanarese and Telugu, in other parts of the empire. As the years went by the work was extended into Burma, and later still, down the Southeastern coast of the Bay of Bengal to Singapore and Penang. It is needless to narrate the successive steps by which our work was

extended throughout all this vast region. It often seemed unwise to our best friends for us to plant our stations at so many distant points, but on the other hand it never seemed possible for us to hold back from doors which God so plainly opened before us. To sum up the result in a few words, our one Annual Conference in North India was at first reinforced by the creation of a second Conference, taking in the rest of the empire; this in process of time was divided into two, and the two were again divided into four, so that we now have five Annual Conferences within the limits of India proper, and a Mission Conference, which includes our work in distant Malaysia.

I know but too well that the average reader in America can form no idea of the immense territory over which our work has thus been extended. A few weeks ago I received a letter written by one of our presiding elders, and dated at the military station of Quetta, far to the west of the river Indus. About the same time I received another letter written by another presiding elder in the city of Singapore, far to the southeast of India, and only ninety miles from the Equator. The writers of these two letters are living about four thousand miles apart, and the base line which connects their stations is thus much longer than the telegraphic wire which connects New York with San Francisco. Our preachers are now witnessing for Christ in sixteen different languages. When Barnabas and Saul bade farewell to their friends in Antioch, and set out to begin the great missionary work of all ages, there were only 120,000,000 people in the Roman Empire, but in this great field over which God has scattered our workers not less than 325,000,000 are living, making, as before remarked, one-fifth of the human race. In all Christian history no such field has ever been set before God's servants, and it is with no shadow of boasting, but rather with a profound sense of the unspeakable responsibility which God has placed upon us, that I add, that in all Christian history seldom has any body of men and women ever undertaken

so gigantic a task as that which we have on our hands in those distant ends of the earth at the present hour. We are preaching in sixteen different languages to-day, but the sixteen will be twenty in a very few years. We are organizing our work in the most thorough manner, and are tracing the outlines of a great spiritual empire which bids fair, before the close of another century, to exhibit to the world a spectacle of Christian triumph, and Christian progress, such as has not been witnessed since the days of the apostles.

When I speak of the immense area of our mission, it is known of course that much of this is mere outline. Large provinces and districts, for instance, are as yet beyond our reach, and only very recently a party of our workers explored some remote districts, where they found six or seven million people among whom no one had yet preached Christ. Making all allowance, however, for those parts of the country in which we are doing nothing, and reckoning only those districts which we have actually occupied, our field may still be credited with an immense area. At the very least it is ten times as large as the one we dreamed of trying to cultivate in North India thirty-five years ago, and as the years go by all the blank spaces of our ecclesiastical map will rapidly be filled in. This process is going on steadily. Our more intelligent preachers have caught the spirit of the movement, and wherever they are placed they quickly begin to understand the work around them. If space permitted I could give many instances to illustrate this invariable, and I might say inevitable, tendency. It is not probable, however, that our work will ever extend beyond its present boundary lines. The mountains shut us in from the rest of Asia in such a way that we seem to have our work cut out for us, and the only outlet we can dream of in the future will be found when the great railway lines, which can even now be foreseen, are built to connect Western India with the Mediterranean ports, or, possibly we may be led to extend our work into Siam, or some of the districts adjoining Burma.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE SHIP.

Everyone is familiar with the story of the weary disciples who had toiled all night and taken nothing, and of their amazing success when they cast their net into the sea at the spot indicated by their Divine Master.

Many and many a missionary has thought of the great lesson taught on that occasion, when watching through a weary night of toil, perhaps extending over years, and seeing very little success to his labors. Not every such worker is at fault, nor is it safe for anyone to assume that there need be no seasons of waiting. The lesson taught was not that we need never have to wait, but that we should always seek the Master's guidance when about to cast our net into unknown waters.

For nearly thirty years we had been toiling in our Indian field, and although we had never been left without tokens of success, yet our success had always seemed far below what men and women enjoying our opportunities ought to expect. Year by year our converts increased, but at the end of a quarter of a century the rate of increase was only a little more than 500 annually. All through these years converts had been coming to us from various castes, and from both the Hindu and Mohammedan camps, but the vast majority, perhaps nineteen-twentieths of the whole, had come from the lower castes, now widely known as "the depressed classes." At times it seemed as if the rank and file of our future church would come from the ranks of those lowly people, but this prospect did not tend to inspire us with either hope or cheerfulness. We were not un-

willing to accept whatever God might send us, but human wisdom is always extremely slow to appreciate the value of the poor to an organization of any kind, even though it be a Christian church. Added to the poverty of the people, however, was the fact of their low social standing, and also their dense ignorance, not only of things pertaining to religion, but of everything else which is learned from books, or from contact with intelligent people. The missionaries who at times contemplated the apparently inevitable necessity of beginning their work among low caste and poor people, were perfectly willing to accept what God sent them, but it must be confessed not many of them were desirous to have their work begin in that way. They would have much preferred to see it begin among the better educated and more respectable classes. God, however, ordered it otherwise, and in due time one and all became not only reconciled to the order of Providence, but began to see that the wisdom of God was much better than the foolishness of men. Had our first success been achieved among the Brahmans or other high-caste people, the converts would have found it extremely difficult to reconcile themselves to association with the outlying masses of low-caste people. Indeed, it may be accepted as certain that in such a case the high-caste Christians would have been unfit to take up the work of evangelizing the despised lower castes, among whom they and their ancestors had always lived. It is very different, however, now, where the conditions are reversed, and where nine-tenths of all the Christians of the present day have sprung from the depressed classes, and are able to assume a position of independence. Instead of a limited number of highly respectable Christians graciously consenting to open the door of admission to their less fortunate neighbors, God has ordered it that the depressed classes should have the honor of opening the door to their neighbors of greater respectability, according to the standard of this world.

For nearly thirty years, as remarked above, our work had gone forward, making steady but not rapid progress. As things had

been going, our mission was regarded as a very successful one, and yet thoughtful men among us could not shut their eyes to the fact that, at the rate of progress which we were making, many hundred centuries would have to elapse before any considerable portion of India could be thoroughly evangelized. We were then nearing the close of the first generation of our Christian converts, and many of our preachers were beginning to grow old in the service. At no time did anything like discouragement find a place among us, and yet about this period it began to be noticed that there were deep searchings of heart among many of our people, and that while some were growing more hopeful, others were beginning to ask with desperate earnestness what God would have us do. Early in the year 1888 it began to be noticed that our work was beginning to gravitate more steadily than ever in the direction of the depressed classes. During that year more converts were reported than ever before, while the number of inquirers increased to an extent that attracted the hopeful attention of all our missionaries. It was during this year that the General Conference, then in session in New York, completed the full equipment of our missionary work in India by providing a superintendent for the work, to reside in India, and to be prepared for meeting all emergencies that might arise. Without any reference to personal considerations, it ought to be recorded in the interest of historical accuracy, that when the action of the General Conference was reported in India, it produced a remarkable effect upon a large number of our missionaries, wholly apart from their personal relation to the superintendent chosen. It was felt that a missing link in our machinery had been supplied; that the equipment of our mission was now complete, and that we were prepared for advanced movements in a way which before had been impossible. There was no longer any liability to irregular movements, or irregular action of any kind, and we could look forward hopefully not only to steady progress, but to harmonious action.

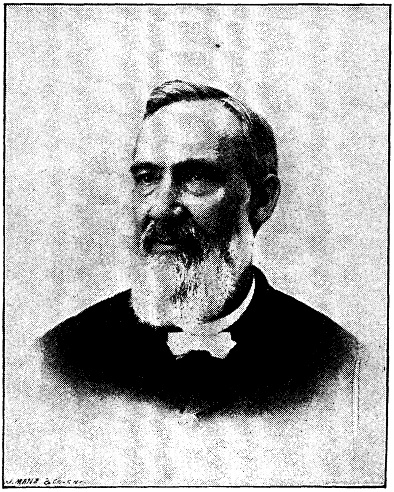
Be the case as it may, the close of the year 1888 marks the beginning of a new era in our work. When at the close of that

year the Annual Conferences met, the reports were all of so prosperous a character as to attract immediate and careful attention. At first it was feared that the large increase of low-caste converts might act as a hindrance to our further success among the higher castes, but careful inquiries showed that there was no foundation for this fear. It was found that while at best no very large number of high-caste Hindus had ever been baptized in a single year, yet the inflow of low-caste converts was not in any way working to the disadvantage of the more respectable classes. On the other hand, the largest number of high-caste converts was reported from those districts in which the largest number of low-caste converts had been received. The investigation which took place then proved not only satisfactory at the time, but seems to have settled the question permanently. In fact, for some years past I have ceased to hear it even mentioned among our own people. After looking over the whole question carefully, a general resolution was formed among our people to go ahead with the work, and push it with all possible vigor.

In July, 1889, Dr. Parker and myself made a brief tour on the Western side of the upper Ganges, taking with us three Native preachers, with a view to finding out whether any door of access could be found in that region, especially among those to whom our own converts on the Eastern side of the river, were related. We had to move quickly, and at that season of the year could not make long tours among the villages, but were obliged to trust to the reports of our assistants. Our visit was brief, but intensely interesting. Reports were brought in of large numbers of persons who were not only interested in Christianity, but ready to forsake their idols and become followers of Jesus Christ. Inquirers were baptized at several points, and although in one town a large number of these converts speedily apostatized, and brought a measure of humiliation upon us, yet the ultimate results of the visit were more than satisfactory. We found, for instance, that large numbers of the people called Churas were inclined to become Christians, and on procuring a copy

of the latest census, we discovered that no less than 1,100,000 of these people lived between the upper Ganges and the Indus. Here was a field large enough to challenge the energies of a dozen missionary societies for the next fifty years, and yet we could do no more than arrange to make a very moderate

MRS. E. W. PARKER.



REV. E. W. PARKER, D. D.,
MISSIONARY BISHOP, SOUTHERN ASIA.

beginning among them. We did so arrange, and in due time the plans then formed were carried into execution, so that up to the present time as an outgrowth of that visit, and of the plans connected with it, not less than 15,000 people have been brought into the Christian Church.

Our Central Conference. which is a body representing all our missions in India, met in the city of Cawnpore early in August, 1889. Here our situation was discussed at great length, and nearly all the delegates present became convinced that the time was at hand when God was about to set before us greater opportunities than we had before known. Plans were matured for

prosecuting our work among the depressed classes with all possible vigor, and as a result we soon heard of new openings in the Nerbudda Valley, far to the southeast from our former field. This again was followed by similar tidings from Central India, and at various points in the region between the Ganges and Jumna rivers, and also at one or two places in Bengal. A great door seemed indeed to be opening before us, but our means were extremely limited. Near the close of the year our publishing house in Calcutta became involved in serious financial difficulties, and it seemed absolutely necessary that something should be done to save it from utter disaster. I tried to induce several parties to go to England or America to collect funds, but in vain. Every possible effort was made to avert the danger in some other way, and as a last resort an appeal was sent home to the General Missionary Committee, setting forth that unless help could be sent a disaster which would be felt for years, if not generations, would certainly overtake us. The reply to our appeal came in due time, and left us without a ray of light or hope; in a few words, it was said that nothing could be done. I was sleeping soundly one night in the mission house at Shahjehanpore, when I was aroused by Dr. Hoskins who handed me a cablegram which had just been received, telling us that our request had not been granted. I need not say that during the rest of that night my eyes were hardly closed in sleep. When morning dawned I knew what was before me; I must go to America myself. The necessity seemed absolute, and I began at once to accept the inevitable as cheerfully as I could. In all my life I have seldom taken a step more reluctantly than when I made the decision to step into the breach, and try to save our publishing house in Calcutta. I could not, however, get away until the following May, and in the meantime our new work was continuing to make headway, and our interest in it, and responsibility for it, were constantly increasing. A few days before leaving Calcutta Mr. Warne, our presiding elder in that city, said to me that he felt a conviction that my real errand in America was not to relieve the publishing house, but to secure aid for the general work which

was opening up before us. He thought that I might incidentally get relief for the press, but at the same time assured me that others were beginning to share his conviction that a better and greater errand awaited me, than I had at first contemplated. I cannot now give all the details of the story; suffice it to say that I hastened homeward as rapidly as I could, and reached New York on the first of July, 1890. Here letters and telegrams awaited me urging me to visit Northfield, where Mr. Moody was holding a convention of college students. I went there the next day, and the third day was invited to address the students and other friends who had assembled for the occasion. I told my story as simply as I could, and God helped me to set before them a picture of the condition of those depressed classes, and of the ease with which we could gain access to them if only provided with the means of instructing the converts after baptism. At the close of the address Mr. Moody sprang to his feet, checked the applause which had commenced, and said he wished to provide some help for that work. He would support a native preacher himself, he said, and hoped that means would be found for supporting many more. In a few minutes $3,000 had been pledged, and before the sun went down a letter was on its way to India telling our brethren there to put one hundred new men into the field at once. I then began to understand very clearly that God had another plan for me than that of finding relief for an imperiled publishing house, when he thrust me out of India, and guided my steps back to my native land.

The events of the two years during which we had been led to engage vigorously in work among the depressed classes, quickly convinced all our missionaries that God had guided us to that part of the great sea of Indian humanity into which he would have us cast our nets. We had obeyed what we had regarded as the indication of God's will, and the result was that we almost immediately found ourselves incumbered with a great multitude of converts. Our success became our greatest embarassment; we could not withdraw from the work which had so strangely opened before us, and yet to human vision it seemed

impossible to meet the startling responsibilities which were thus thrust upon us. How we have struggled, and are still struggling, with these responsibilities, the following pages will in part at least make plain to the reader.

CHAPTER VIII.

PASTOR-TEACHERS.

It was easy enough to write the letter mentioned in the last chapter, directing that one hundred new preachers be put into the field without delay, but the reader no doubt has been wondering where so large a number of preachers could be found. Of trained men we had at that time very few, and every one of those we had was already engaged in work from which he could not be taken away. Here and there a Christian with more or less education, and engaged in some other kind of work, could be drafted into the service, but it was useless to try to enlist one hundred new workers from our own Christian community as it then was. The kind of workers which we needed could not be found, and we must either give up the struggle, or devise some new means of meeting the emergency. We felt that whatever happened we must not give up the struggle, and finally decided that the best thing possible was always the right thing to be done. We could not get workers with even a modern education; we could not find candidates with more than a few months, or, in some cases, a few weeks of experience, but we concluded that such men were better than none. We looked over every group of converts, and whenever we saw a man, especially a young man, who seemed to be gifted with leadership, even though he did not know a letter in the alphabet, we set him apart for the office and work of a pastor-teacher.

The term pastor-teacher has recently come into common use

among us, and defines a class of workers who will no doubt occupy a permanent place in our mission. It is applied to a man who does the double work of a pastor and teacher. He is expected to teach the children, even though he may not be able to gather them together in a formal school. Many of these children live with their parents, in villages apart from the larger Christian communities, and it is impossible to provide a school for every village where two or three Christian families are found. In such cases each little group is visited by the pastor-teacher, and even though the children may not receive a lesson more than three times a week, our theory is that any instruction whatever, however slight it may be, is better than none. In other villages, where one or two dozen children can be brought together, a small mud-walled house, or perhaps an open veranda, is provided, and a regular school is taught at least two or three hours during the day. The people are so poor that many of the children are needed for work at a very early age, and hence are unable to be present at school for more than an hour or two at a time. We care little for the formal routine of a school, or rather we find it best to dispense with it, provided we can succeed in getting the children instructed under any possible circumstances.

The religious duties of the pastor-teacher are at first very simple. He very possibly is not able to read. In such cases we direct him to seek instruction from the native superintendent of the circuit, or some one else, and in the meanwhile, having taught him to sing a hymn or two, and the exposition of a parable, or some other portion of the New Testament, we assign him the duty of gathering the people together and holding religious services with them in the evening and on Sundays. Such men have to learn everything. Very few of them have any idea of prayer, until brought in contact with Christians, but with the extremely slender mental capital which they have in hand they are able to make a beginning, and like all other preachers of all grades and shades throughout the world, they accumulate

additional capital, both mental and spiritual, as they go forward with their work. The exposition of one simple parable will often suffice for such a man for several weeks, or even months; his hearers do not grow weary and complain of hearing the same sermon constantly repeated. In time, however, after learning to read, and becoming familiar with his New Testament, the preacher is able to enlarge his sphere, and in some instances acquires this ability with marvelous rapidity.

All these pastor-teachers are admitted to the district conferences, and are expected to pass an annual examination, even though their course of study may at first extend little beyond reading, writing, and the first catechism. Some of them fail utterly, and are dismissed after a sufficient trial; others succeed moderately well, while a few surprise us by their rapid progress, and by the development of unexpected mental ability as well as spiritual power. They prize the privilege very highly of standing up in the district conference and reporting their work, and afterward having their character approved by a formal vote. On one occasion when I asked a presiding elder to take the chair in my absence, the pastor-teachers present in a body refused to answer their names until I should return, as they felt that the dignity of their position was in some way challenged by the attempt to call their names in my absence. I have known these men when reporting their work to state that they had not been baptized more than six, nine, or perhaps twelve months, and that consequently they had not yet learned to read. One man confessed in doleful tones that after six months of persistent effort he had not yet been able to learn his alphabet. The spirit of this man seemed to be the very best, and he was encouraged to keep on, and to our surprise at the end of the next year he passed a good examination, and was able to read and write in two different characters.

As fishers of men our pastor-teachers have thus far proved remarkably successful. They have come immediately from the midst of the people among whom we are working; they know

their own neighbors and friends more thoroughly than strangers could possibly do; they know exactly what is passing in the mind of the community at large; are familiar with all the objections, doubts, and fears which the people cherish, and know exactly what motives can be appealed to with the best hope of success. They do not attempt much in the way of formal preaching, but with an instinctive wisdom which all the preachers of the world would do well to imitate, they do most of their preaching in the most informal manner, seated with one or two families under a tree, or within the seclusion of a little court-yard surrounded by mud-wall huts. In such places they sing, and pray, and talk; often keeping up their intercourse with the people until midnight. Like their Saviour, they do not miss an opportunity of preaching to an audience of even one person at a village well, and thus by the very informality of their procedure they disarm fear, escape criticism, and find an open way to the homes and hearts of their neighbors.

The salaries of these simple workers vary more or less, according to the expensiveness of the towns or villages in which they may chance to live, but very rarely do any of them receive more than thirty dollars a year. This statement never fails to excite the most incredulous surprise when made before an American audience. Even the poorest people in the United States find it hard to believe that any human beings are so poor, and habitually live in such simple style, that a family is able to subsist for a whole year upon an income of two dollars and a half a month. The fact, however, cannot be questioned, and so far from the people feeling that there is any particular hardship in it, most of them regard a pastor-teacher as a fortunate man. As a matter of fact he receives a trifle more than the majority of his neighbors. A thousand laboring men could be engaged to work by the year among the villages in any part of Northern India for two dollars a month, the workmen boarding themselves, and receiving no perquisites of any kind from their employers. The pastor-teacher comes

usually from what might be called the laboring classes, and it is in every way desirable that he should not be abruptly elevated above the common level of the people to whom he is to minister.

The poverty of the masses in India, China, and throughout the whole non-Christian world, is something which the average American is never able to comprehend. In India a man who earns perhaps five or six cents a day is expected to support his family, to keep his own hut in repairs, and to pay a small land tax of about thirty cents a year for the site on which his house stands. His mode of life is extremely simple, and if able to provide two meals a day he will be considered fortunate. The average meal consists of coarse rice, or cakes made from unbolted millet meal, to which curry, made from vegetable oil, red peppers, ginger, and a few other spices, is added, and perhaps also some weeds gathered in the fields and made to serve the purpose of boiled greens. Happy is the family which can afford to have two full meals like this every day. As a matter of fact many families are not able to afford more than one meal a day, while even the well-to-do classes seldom have three meals.

The pastor-teacher has not to be at the expense of buying dishes for his table, or to provide furniture for his hut. The ordinary village house has no furniture of any kind, unless perhaps one or two little cots which are often turned up on end outside the door during the day. He has very few cooking utensils, and his expenditure is of the most slender kind. Of course, as the people become Christians they will desire better things, and especially as the pastor-teacher learns to read and acquires a taste for study, his wants will increase. He must buy books; he will soon become the owner of a small writing table, and a few rude pictures will adorn his walls. We encourage rather than discourage his ambition to make himself more comfortable; it is the inevitable fruit of his becoming a Christian, and his attempts to better himself are so many indi-

cations that the whole community will begin to rise when the worship of idols is exchanged for the service of the living God.

Just here, it may be as well to say a word concerning the salaries of our preachers and teachers of various grades in India. Beginning at $30 the successful pastor-teacher will soon find new wants, and will need $40, and then $50 a year. By this time his children are attending school, and must have books, and also wear better clothing than they have been accustomed to in their heathen days. A year or two more, and the poor man's salary rises to $60 or $75. By this time he is regarded as a prosperous man, and occupies a very respectable position in the general community. A few years more pass, and if he has been doing well, making progress in study, and succeeding in his work as a pastor and teacher, he may be nearing the time when he may expect ordination, and will have advanced from his simple position in a remote village to become the superintendent of a large circuit, with perhaps half a dozen men under him, and will himself be living in a town with brick houses and paved streets. In such a case his salary will rise to about $100. Beyond this point, not many advance, although a very few of our men are receiving as much as $200 and others $150. The advance is inevitable, and from every point of view should give us occasion for gratitude rather than regret. The mission of Christianity in the world is to lift the world up, and we cannot succeed in our general task without producing this result. Let us learn to be thankful for it, rather than cherish misgivings lest our missionary work become too expensive.

CHAPTER IX.

OUR CONVERTS.

The impetus given to our work in 1890 not only continued during the following year, but has been extending its influence and gaining momentum ever since. The work spread rapidly through the region west of the upper Ganges; penetrated several districts in Rajputana; entered the Panjab on the Northwest, and began to make its influence felt in Bengal and the far south. In a single year over 19,000 baptisms were reported, and while for some years we have continued to receive thousands of converts yearly, we could have received more had we felt at liberty to baptize all who applied. We could not, simply because their instruction would have been neglected. We had not the teachers to instruct them, so we have turned our attention to the better instruction of those who have come to us and also to develop among them a more thorough system of self-support. In this way the best preparation possible will be made for the inevitable greater advance India is to witness. Speaking so about our converts, it is not strange that many questions should be asked in reference to them: "Are they really converted or only nominally?" "What is their standard of morality?" "To what extent do they support their pastors and schools?" "Do they show any signs of social progress?"—these and other questions meet the Indian missionary wherever he goes among the American churches.

With reference to conversion, it will be well before answering the question to ask what is meant by the term. For a century past the word, conversion, has been very freely applied in evangelistic circles to that impartation of the Holy Spirit

which follows faith in Christ on the part of a penitent. Without attempting an accurate definition of this change, suffice it to say that it includes the impartation of a new life, the implanting of a new love, the witness of adoption into the family of God, and a radical change of moral and religious character. Many readers will be surprised to be told that the word is seldom used in the New Testament, and then not in the full sense in which it has been employed by modern Christians. As popularly used it is a modern term, and while we all may understand it well enough, it is necessary to define it when applied to converts from heathenism. The Holy Spirit, when consciously imparted to penitent believers, always produces such a change as above described, but it is not true with regard to our own converts, that many of them enter into any such experience previous to their baptism. Our custom is to baptise them as soon as we have reason to believe that they honestly abandon their idolatry, and accept Jesus Christ as their Saviour. We were led to adopt this course by a stress of circumstances which seemed to make it imperative, but in doing so we seem to have followed very closely the precedent laid down at the foundation of the Christian Church. The disciples who had assembled in the upper room at Jerusalem, were all filled with the Holy Spirit, and when Peter stood up to preach he told the multitude that all were alike entitled to the gift of the Holy Spirit who repented and believed, and forthwith when 3,000 persons accepted the word which was thus proclaimed to them, they were baptized. There is no evidence whatever that any one of the 3,000 had received the Spirit in the sense in which Peter had promised the gift, but that rather they were baptized with water "unto" the baptism of the Spirit. They had heard a distinct promise announced that on certain terms, one of which was the baptism of water, they would receive the Holy Spirit, and hence in a very few days we hear of all of them being filled with his heavenly presence.

In India the custom in early days was uniform in all mis-

sions, to postpone baptism until the candidate gave satisfactory evidence of having entered upon a new spiritual life. In some missions this change was more insisted on than in others, but probably no missionaries attached more importance to it than did our own. As time advanced, however, and our converts began to increase, we experienced very serious difficulties in pursuing this policy. It rarely happened that husband and wife could both be similarly prepared at the same time. As a rule the husband in India is in advance of his wife in all such matters, and it happened with painful frequency that after baptising the husband we would fail to win the wife altogether, and hostile relatives and crafty Brahmans would often succeed in enticing her away, and thus permanently break up the family. Aside from this, postponement is often, indeed, nearly always, attended with danger; it is always so easy for opponents to suggest that the candidate is not yet a Christian, and that his conscience may be relaxed without danger so long as the final step is not taken. In cases where baptism was administered without unnecessary delay, it was found that the rite, in nearly every case, proved a bulwark to protect the new convert; it separated him from his former caste associations as nothing else could possibly do, and not only removed many of his tempations to go back to Hinduism, but in a measure built up a wall behind him to block his way if he should be tempted to turn back.

Our manner of baptising a convert is somewhat as follows: The people assembled are always interested in such a ceremony, and the preacher takes pains to impress upon them the fact that the water used is not holy water; that it has no mysterious virtue of any kind, but that he uses it merely as a sign. He tells the hearers that as he will take the water and pour it upon the head of the candidate, so there is an unseen One standing beside him who will take the water of life, that is, the Holy Spirit, and pour it into the convert's heart, washing away his sin, making him feel that he is a child of God, and making him a new creature. He will address the candidate, and tell him

that if he has not yet received the Holy Spirit he must remember that God has given him a pledge that the Spirit will be given; and that he must continue to look for his coming until he has the witness in himself that God has given him that of which the baptism of water is only a token. In this way the ceremony of baptism becomes a speaking symbol to those who witness it, and can hardly fail to be kept in mind by the convert as a pledge from God, assuring him that he will receive that of which the baptism by water is a type.

It follows, of course, that where we baptise hundreds, and even thousands, of simple and uninstructed villagers, solely upon a profession of their repentance and faith, that vast numbers of them are not what in popular phrase are called "converted" persons, but on the other hand, there is a practical advantage found even in this state of the case. The converts are divided sharply into two classes, corresponding to what would be called in an American church the converted and unconverted, but with this difference, that among the converts in India, those who have not received the witness of the Spirit are not only aware of the fact, but for the most part are seeking with greater or less earnestness for the gift; hence a revival meeting in India takes a somewhat peculiar shape. The burden of every sermon is the question asked by Paul at Ephesus: "Have you received the Holy Spirit since you were baptized?" Sermon after sermon will deal with the probable causes of the absence of the Spirit from the hearts of hearers. It will be pointed out that there must be sin or unbelief, or neglect of duty, or want of consecration, or some form of rebellion against God; possibly some concealed idolatry, or idolatrous connection that stands in the way. At the close of a revival sermon, instead of calling for awakened sinners to come forward for prayer, the preacher will almost invariably call upon those who have not yet received the Spirit to designate themselves in some way as seekers, and the congregation will unite in prayer that all such seekers may receive the

blessings promised to them. In many of our meetings I have witnessed scenes of great power in connection with such appeals. I have in mind now one notable occasion at a camp meeting in Chandausi, at which during a single day more than 150 persons, all of whom had been baptised with water, professed to receive the clear witness of the Holy Spirit to their adoption into the family of God.

As to general morality, our Christian community, although composed as yet of the veriest babes in Christ, babes both in knowledge and experience, will compare very favorably with any other Christian communities to be found among the natives of India. In some respects our Christians will compare very favorably with the average of their brethren and sisters in the United States. Some of them are weak, and the victims of many superstitious notions, but the main outlines of morality are well understood by them, and for the most part they lead respectable and, in a fair degree, worthy Christian lives. Now and then we hear of relics of idolatry, not only as tolerated, but even cherished by them, but this need not surprise us when we remember that it was also one of the chief troubles in the primitive times. When the Apostle John was an old man, and after he had spent years in teaching his converts, we find him writing to some of them, using the familiar and endearing phrase of a loving father: "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." Even at that early day, while enjoying all the advantages of association with one of the greatest Christians of all ages, we find that even intelligent Christians had to be put on their guard against a form of error which for centuries upon centuries has always been prone to make headway among oriental people.

Very much, I might say almost everything, will depend upon our treatment of these converts during the next few years. If we neglect them they will fare badly enough, but if we teach them how to read God's word, if we provide them with proper instruction during the critical period of early discipleship, and

if we keep leaders at the front who can not only point out a safe way, but direct their steps into it day by day, there is no reason to doubt that the converts who are now coming to us in such numbers, will yet adorn their profession by a consistent walk worthy of him whose name they bear.

CHAPTER X.

OUR CONVERTS—*Continued.*

Several questions concerning our converts are so uniformly asked by our friends in America, that it may be as well to answer them here. The first refers to the

STABILITY OF OUR CONVERTS.

"Do they adhere to their new faith, or is there a tendency among them to return to heathenism?" With few exceptions they have thus far shown very little inclination to give up the Christian name and profession, and when such lapses have occurred, they have nearly always been traced to some mistake on the part of those administering baptism, or to gross neglect of the converts after baptism. In nearly every case it has been found that converts who have been baptised and left to themselves in their remote homes have fared very badly, and nine-tenths of the defections reported have been traced to this cause. At the outset it frequently happens that persons attending the great fairs which are held all over the country, would hear Christian preaching and accept baptism on the spot, but when such persons returned to their homes and found themselves entirely alone, with no one to advise, comfort, or strengthen them, they almost invariably shrank from the trials which confronted them, and either renounced the Christian profession, or held it in abeyance. Taught by experience, we have in later years refrained from baptising such parties, and all our

preachers are now directed not to baptise anyone unless at the same time provision can be made for his instruction. Our Saviour's directions on this point are very definite, and we have found that it is absolutely necessary to follow these instructions with all care and diligence. Upon the whole I am inclined to think that at least ninety per cent. of our converts have remained steadfast in their profession of the Christian faith. It need hardly be pointed out that this is a much larger proportion than the results of great revival movements in the United States or England ordinarily show.

But while not lapsing to Hinduism, many of our converts show a disposition to return to some forbidden practices, such as tampering with idolatry, attending doubtful feasts, contracting marriages for their children with heathen parties, etc. This tendency, however, can usually be counteracted if care is bestowed upon the converts immediately after baptism. As remarked in the last chapter, they are like so many babes, and unless they are tenderly and carefully cared for they are sure to get out of the way. I was once leaving a church at a station among the mountains, just after witnessing the professed conversion of several persons, when a party of perplexed friends came up to me and asked, "Do you really believe that those persons have experienced a change of heart, and do you believe that they will hold out and live new lives?" A cold rain was falling, and I replied by pointing to the wet grass under a dripping fir tree, and asked them if a new-born babe were tossed under the tree and left to itself, whether it would probably live and grow up to manhood or die? An incredulous laugh was the only reply, whereupon I observed that the persons referred to were tender babes, and that nearly everything depended upon the care bestowed upon them. All over the world Christian workers need to understand that it is an absolute duty, and almost an absolute necessity, that careful nurture be given to every new disciple.

The necessity for instruction may be further illustrated by a recent incident which occurred in connection with Miss Rowe's work among the villages. This tireless evangelist in one of her

tours entered a village and proceeded to the quarter in which a few recent converts were living. Her attention was immediately arrested by a standard which had been erected in a conspicuous place, and she also noticed some blood on a stone near by. Her thorough knowledge of the people enabled her to understand that a sacrifice had just been offered to an idol, and on questioning the people they at once admitted the fact. Miss Rowe began to chide them in severe terms, when an old man, clasping his hands together and raising them to his bosom in a deprecating way, began to explain, "Miss Sahib what else could we do? We did not know of anything else, and were in great trouble. One of our children was very ill; some time ago a man came among us, preached to us, sang and prayed with us, and we were greatly pleased. We liked his word, believed what he told us, and were baptized as Christians. The man said that some one would come and instruct us, but thus far no one has come and we are very ignorant; there are many things which Christians ought to do which we do not know. We did not know what Christians did in case of the sickness of a child, and hence when this child became dangerously ill we were in great distress and the women urged that something must be done or the little one would die. If we had known what Christians do at such times we would have done that, but fearing that the child would die, and not knowing anything else, we did get a fowl, and have killed it in sacrifice, but we did not know what else to do."

Long before the old man's story was finished, Miss Rowe began to feel that the condition of the people was pitiful enough, and that as a representative of our mission an explanation was called for from her, rather than from the poor converts. As she afterward related the story at a district conference, it made a profound impression on all present. The people will rarely fail to be true to their promises to give up idolatry, if they have a fair chance, for whatever else they may lack they are certainly honest in their purpose to become obedient followers of Jesus Christ.

Another question which is frequently asked has to do with the

SOCIAL STANDING OF THE CONVERTS.

"Do they gain the respect of their high-caste neighbors after becoming Christians, or does the stain of low origin adhere to them through life?" In other words, does Christianity become simply the badge of a people of low caste?

The answer to this question depends very largely upon the people themselves. As already remarked in connection with the former Mazhabi Sikhs, we have seen all trace of their early low standing removed, or at least forgotten. Many people who originated among these Sikhs now occupy very respectable and responsible positions. I have seen a man whose father was very low down in social rank, filling successfully the position of head master of a high school. Among our present workers is a man who began not many years ago as a pastor-teacher, and who by his scholarship and popular methods of teaching has won the title of *pandit*, which belongs properly only to persons of Brahman birth, and not only does he bear this title unchallenged, but he also enjoys the respect of all who know him. On the other hand, when we have to deal with persons who in any country would be found lacking in energy and self respect, we find them content to remain in the low position in which Christianity finds them, and it is not possible to elevate them by any artificial process. Their standing, like the standing of all other people in the world, must depend to some extent upon themselves.

I once had my attention drawn to a very striking illustration of the possibility of a self-respecting and sensible man winning his way against all social odds. When the Rev. F. M. Wheeler was a missionary in Moradabad, about the year 1870, his attention was drawn to a scavenger boy, who was driving a miserable old buffalo, attached to a conservancy cart. This boy was at the very bottom of the social ladder. Mr. Wheeler became interested in him, and offered to be at charges with him for his education. The offer was accepted, and for a time the boy disappeared among the hundreds of other school children in

our mission. When he again came into notice he had become a preacher, and in the course of time he was entrusted with the care of a work among very low-caste people in a town of 8,000 or 10,000 people. When he took up his work in this place he was subjected to every possible indignity; when he went into the market to buy, no one would either receive money from his hand or hand him the articles purchased. He was obliged to spread a cloth on the ground on which the various articles were placed, and also to lay the money on the ground, which was afterward taken up by the seller. No one would receive anything from his polluted hand. He paid no attention whatever to these indignities, but quietly went on his way. When business called him to the office of the head of police in the town, he was obliged to stand at a distance, make his request, and receive his answer; but against this indignity he offered no protest. As time passed, however, the shop-keepers began to take the money from his hand, and to tell him that he need not spread a cloth on the ground for the articles purchased. The head man of the police also would allow him to approach in the usual way, and present his requests without any reserve; and as time passed he was not only asked to take a chair, but to have the chair placed on the right of the highest official of the town. Beyond this there was no social recognition which could have given him a more unchallenged place in the eyes of all the people. Another year passed, and when the imperial census was taken this man, who had formerly been employed as a scavenger, was placed in charge of the census operation and was thus entitled to enroll every high-caste man in the town, including all the members, male and female, of each family. He had certainly won his position, and won it fairly. Space will only permit me to answer one other question which the supporters of our work in America seldom fail to ask. It refers to the

SUPPORT OF OUR PASTORS.

"Do our converts give of their substance to the support of the gospel, and of the other institutions of the church? Is there

any reasonable prospect of our work ever becoming self-supporting?" After what has been said concerning the extreme poverty of the people, it will hardly be expected that an affirmative reply can at once be given to either of these questions. Our people are not only poor, but are so scattered that as yet it has hardly ever been possible to get any large number of them to combine in one place for the support of any one pastor. As an illustration of their poverty, I may mention that although public collections are regularly taken after the manner of nearly all Christian churches in other lands, yet the larger number contribute only cowries. The cowrie is a small shell found on the sea shore, and used in many parts of India as currency. When at par, sixty-four of these cowries are equal to a pice, the ordinary "copper" of the country, and this in turn is equal to about three-fourths of an American cent. The value of the cowrie therefore, is one-sixty-fourth of three-fourths of a cent, and it is the poverty, rather than the want of liberality of the people, which obliges many of them to throw in one or two of these little shells at a public collection. Sometimes a preacher will accumulate a bushel or two of cowries, when they are sent to the bazaar and sold for silver coin. The reader can see at a glance that it is hopeless to expect people who are only able to contribute in this way, to do much toward building up self-supporting churches in the ordinary sense of the word. A few give small offerings of grain, eggs, chickens, pigs, and a very few are able to give silver coins. Notwithstanding these statements, I am by no means hopeless of seeing the people become ultimately self-supporting. There are such multitudes of them, and they live so compactly in adjacent villages, that when we begin to find whole villages becoming Christian, it will be possible to put one man in charge of a thousand families, and although these families will each contribute very meager sums, yet when all are put together, it will suffice to support a fairly respectable man as pastor.* We have also some reason to hope that when our schools become developed, material help will be given by the Indian Government. A general policy of aiding education has been adopted, and the only reason that our poorest

people do not receive aid from that source is found in the fact that their schools are not yet sufficiently advanced to entitle them to a grant under existing rules.

* After the above was written my attention was called to a very interesting account of a new work in the Mazafarnagar district, in North India; published in the "Indian Witness." Some 400 Chamars—leather dressers—had been baptized, and had subscribed forty rupees toward the support of a pastor. The converts, living in four different villages, had also united in a proposal to give four rupees a month for a joint pastor, if one could be sent to them.

CHAPTER XI.

INQUIRERS.

Thirty years ago the term "inquirer" was applied to persons who were more or less interested in Christianity, and who visited missionaries with more or less frequency for the purpose of getting a better knowledge of the Christian religion. Most of such persons made very slow and timid advances toward a decision of the momentous question of becoming Christians, and very many, like Nicodemus of old, were not willing to have it known that they visited the missionaries at all. Of later years, however, a great change has come over men of this character. Not only are there more of them, but they are less timid, and much more free to express their views on religious subjects.

In our own mission the conditions of the last few years have completely changed the meaning of the term inquirer. As the number of such persons increased, and as they became more and more decided in their purpose to become Christians, the timid few who were still disposed to seek interviews in a stealthy manner with the missionary, attracted less and less attention, until they are now hardly classed with inquirers at all. On the other hand, an inquirer of the present day, within the bounds of our own mission at least, is one who is an appli-

cant for baptism. We hardly use the term in any other sense, and so great is the pressure upon all our missionaries and Indian workers that few of them can find time for being interviewed by timid creatures, no matter how honest they may be, who are not willing to avow an honest purpose to abandon error and become followers of Jesus Christ.

Of inquirers who come up to this description we have now a very great multitude. For many years past, it has been utterly impossible for our workers to respond to one-half the calls which reach them, from families or communities who openly avow their desire to abandon idolatry and to become Christians. It is true that all of these cannot be called decided, and some of them may be expected to turn out more or less insincere, but, after making every fair deduction which the case demands, the startling fact remains that many thousands of the people among whom we are working assure us, not secretly but in the most open manner, that they wish to become Christians, and entreat us to send them preachers or teachers to show them how. For three years past there has probably not been a single day in which at least 20,000 persons have not been confronting us with requests to send them teachers to show them how to embrace the Christian religion. Of course, this means very little on the part of many, who cannot be expected to understand what demands the Christian faith will make upon them; what changes in their lives will be necessary; what sacrifices they must make, or, perhaps, what persecutions they must endure; but on the other hand very many of them understand perfectly well that it will cost them much to forsake their old religion and embrace the new. To thousands of them it means a certain measure of social ostracism, with more or less open manifestations of hostility on the part of their former neighbors, and, in some cases, sharp and bitter persecution.

In addition to these thousands who avow their purpose to become Christians, there are other thousands—how many I cannot say, but probably more than the most sanguine among

us suppose—who are more or less interested in the subject of Christianity, and are not only willing, but anxious to hear how it will affect their lives for them to embrace it. An impression has gone abroad among the depressed classes of India, throughout the whole length and breadth of the empire, that a time is at hand when Christianity will open to them a new door of hope. Thousands, and even hundreds of thousands, among them are said to be inspired with the conviction that in some way, they know not how, their long night of depression is to give way to a good time coming, when they are to become an educated people, and enter upon a new and brighter career. Vast numbers of these people who are interested to this extent, are more than willing to receive any Christian preacher sent among them, although up to the present not fully decided to take a decisive step in the direction of becoming Christians. It is needless for any new missionary while looking about for a favorable station in which to begin his work, to select a place where no such inquirers will be found. If he uses any diligence whatever in his inquiries, he will not be long in discovering places where thousands upon thousands of such people are within sight and hearing; indeed there is hardly any limit to the wide field which the providence of God has thus spread out before the Christian missionaries of India.

Space will only permit me to mention one of many instances which illustrate the truth of what has just been said. Early in the present year a young man belonging to the theological school at Bareilly, came to me to say that he had just returned from a visit to his wife's relations, who lived in the Northwest, not far from the base of the Himalaya mountains. He said he had been astonished when going among his relatives to find that they were interested, and more than interested, in Christianity, and that large numbers of them avowed their willingness to become Christians, and begged him to stay among them and teach them the way. He made inquiries which convinced him that a long strip of country, extending

eastward from the point where he had been visiting, was inhabited by the same class of people, and, as reported to him, all these were equally accessible, and so far as could be seen, there was nothing in the way of the conversion of the people *en masse*, living in a strip of country extending thirty or forty miles eastward. Making all due allowance for possible exaggeration in this case, enough of solid fact will remain to show that our work in India has emerged from its early day of small things, and entered upon a new phase altogether.

About the middle of the nineteenth century a missionary census was taken of most of the foreign stations of the leading societies of the world. It was then found that over fifty missionaries were employed among 250,000 inhabitants of the South Sea Islands, and the success of these laborers among those remote islanders was regarded as among the most phenomenal features of recent missionary history.. We ought to be thankful for what was achieved in those remote islands, but when we turn from such a work as that, and see one little district pointed out to us which contains four times as many inhabitants as all those islands put together, or when we turn to our own mission and see the 110,000 converts who have been gathered out of the surrounding heathenism, all needing and all eager for instruction, while only one missionary can be afforded on the average to over half a million of the people, we perceive how great a revolution in missionary methods and missionary ideas has taken place during the present generation. If, for instance, we take our own mission in India and Malaysia, we find a Christian community consisting at the present time of more than 100,000 converts of all ages, with 20,000 applicants for baptism waiting at our gates, and at least 100,000 more who could be found within a single week and added to the army of inquirers, if we were only able to send them messengers of God with the glad tidings of salvation.

It may truly be said that since the day that Dr. Carey landed in Calcutta, and the era of modern missions first opened

upon the world, no such spectacle as this has ever been witnessed. Never have such wide doors stood open before a Christian church; never have missionaries enjoyed such opportunities as these; never have providential tokens seemed so uniformly to assure Christian workers of success; and never has God's blessing been more copiously bestowed upon those who toil, than in the case of our own mission in India at the present day. Boasting is utterly excluded in a case of this kind. In the presence of God; in the presence of a thousand tokens of His favor; in the presence of a constantly increasing multitude of converts; in the presence of a great host of inquirers, the spirit of boasting utterly dies out of the heart, while its place is taken by a profound feeling of awe, as if one felt conscious of standing in the immediate presence of God. That our people in the United States may, in some faint degree at least, realize the meaning of what is now transpiring in that far-off Eastern world, is the sole object which prompts the writing of these lines.

CHAPTER XII.

AMONG THE VILLAGES.

The vast majority of the people of India live in small mud-walled villages, and never in detached houses as is customary in the country districts of Europe and America. Life in these villages is simplicity itself. As before remarked, the little huts are encumbered with no furniture, and everything is of the most primitive character. It was once said by the late Ram Chunder Bose, that, in the English sense of the word, there is no term in any Indian language which corresponds to our word *home*. In an important sense this remark was very just, and yet the poorest of the poor villagers in India prize their little huts very highly. The old English tradition that every man's house is his castle, is found rooted in the instincts of the people of India. Every villager is ready to defend the sacred privacy of his house, and with rare exceptions, all are much attached to such wretched homes as they possess.

The reader in the United States will find it very hard to picture to himself the actual state of affairs in a little hamlet in India. The missionary on his first arrival is very apt to form plans for erecting a place of worship, or a school-house, on some vacant ground, and if he has charge of a native preacher, will very probably proceed to build a house for him, not in the village proper, but on a choice site near at hand. He will build a house in such a way that its front door opens on the public road, and will be utterly astonished, and perhaps vexed, when he finds that his Native helper is not only unwilling to live in the house, because of its separation from the

village, but that he particularly objects to it because of the exposure of its front door. Every native of India, no matter how lowly, values privacy, and is extremely anxious to conceal his home from public observation. He would not only have the doorway in the rear, but would have it surrounded by a wall, so that none could by any possible chance, get a peep inside the door.

Among such a people it is extremely difficult to inaugurate our American custom of erecting a place of worship on the side of a village street, or of a public road, and then induce all the people, male and female, to walk boldly to the place at a stated hour on Sunday, as Christians are accustomed to do in the United States. It is not customary for husbands to walk with their wives, even in villages, and would be utterly repugnant to all ideas of propriety in the large cities; nor do wives and daughters of respectable men appear in public at all, and hence when they become Christians it is exacting more from them than an ordinary American can understand, to require them to attend a public place of worship every week. The result is, that we find it very difficult at first to induce our Christians to come together for worship; it is contrary to all their religious traditions and social notions. The Hindus are never accustomed to resort to their temples in large companies, but each person goes at such time as suits his convenience. They have nothing corresponding to our religious assemblies, although they do hold immense gatherings on certain sacred occasions, but at these fairs there is no concert of action; each one goes to his particular shrine at such time as suits himself.

It thus becomes extremely difficult for us to indoctrinate our converts, and accustom them to the various Christian usages which prevail in all Christian countries. We cannot often get large numbers of people together, and the Sunday services as yet has not been made to serve the same purpose that it does in Christian lands. It is necessary for us to go to the people at their homes, or at best to gather them together in small

groups near their homes, and we are also obliged to resort to the old-time custom of itinerating, that is, of sending preachers through the country who go from village to village, teaching and preaching to the people, perhaps a day or two at a time in each place. One of the weakest points in our whole work at the present time, is the want of suitable evangelists who can do a work of this kind among our baptised Christians. They are all eager to be taught, but it will require a great host of teachers and preachers to meet their wants. Our Christians will learn this kind of work, as they do nearly everything else, by seeing it performed. As our trained evangelists increase, each one will become a recruiting agent in enlisting others for the work, and thus it is hoped that in time we will get a supply of workers, not only for this needy department, but for every other requirement of our field.

One of our most successful leaders in the evangelistic work was Miss Rowe, a lady known to many in America, where she spent six months as a visitor in 1888, but born and brought up in North India. I cannot better illustrate the character of our work, than by quoting a letter written by herself and published in the "Indian Witness."

"WORK IN THE VILLAGES."

"The day after our Annual Conference we began camp life and up to date have been able to visit 117 villages. Our work in the Doab was during a very favorable time; farmers had leisure and we found large audiences at all hours of the day, and until eight and ten o'clock at night. For three weeks our party consisted of eight men and five women, who usually worked in three or four companies. Morning and evening we gathered for prayer and praise, and the Master himself was always in the midst, and with thankfulness we look back to these hours so full of blessing.

"Several villages on the Ingram and Skinner estate were visited, and we found, the Rev. Tafazzul Haqq laying true foun-

dations for a good work, in a region where little evangelistic work has been done. Some of the best village schools are in his work; little boys of eight and ten read and write very well. Many of our Christian hymns, the catechism, passages from the Testament, the Lord's Prayer, and Ten Commandments were perfectly recited. In two villages, the school

MISS ROWE.

room, the yards and the surrounding house-tops, were crowded while the examinations were being held. All stayed until we finished and the preaching began. In some of these schools half the expenses are borne by the people of the village.

"The converted bania,* one of the first fruits of that work, was in our party and was an example to believers in faith and holy living. His companions had not seen him since his baptism, and flocked around in every place to hear and see him. Many scornful things were said, but he always showed a most

* Shop-keeper.

Christ-like spirit. None of our party studied the Bible more than Pratapi, and while most of the others were engaged in getting settled, gathering fuel, and drawing water, he was usually seen under a tree engaged in reading and singing.

'Every day of these weeks has had its own story. To short sighted man some days looked like defeat, but the Captain of our salvation has never lost a battle, and my heart has never had more of triumph and rejoicing in the work, than during these three months. One day when a Jat who had been baptized, but finding the way too hard, had gone back, opposed us so bitterly that we could not give the message, but returned, as if defeated to our camp, cast down but not discouraged. We looked to God and saw the triumph from afar. That night we prayed that the Jat might be brought back, and two days after while talking in a village he came, and to our surprise sat with the little group of workers, thus acknowledging his position. Pratapi threw his arms around him, and in a few minutes the two left us; the next time I saw him was in Bro. Tafazzul's tent where the brethren were praying and reading with him. The proud, fighting Jat could not come as a little child, but before leaving he said, "Jesus alone is true, and I know I never shall be happy till I return with my whole heart." We saw him stride across the saffron fields, and every heart was hushed as we said, "Let us pray for him."

"We might tell of the dear old woman we met at dusk. She had taken an offering to Matadevi who, she supposed, had taken her boy. The rice was offered to keep the goddess from doing any more harm to the rest of the family. The sweet story of Jesus touched her heart and when we closed she said, "He shall be my God, and I will pray to him." Then turning to a little niece she said, "Child, you remember the name *Yisu Masih* and remind me if I forget." The next morning as we were leaving the village she followed us at a distance because the men and boys were all around. While the poor are always

with us and still hear the word gladly, the rich are not always indifferent. We have had interesting conversations with educated native gentlemen, and more than one would like to do what the lower classes are doing, but the lone way is hard for them.

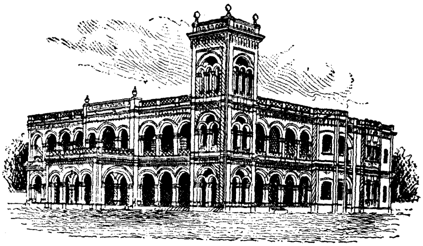
"The other day in one of the villages we asked a well dressed native gentleman if he had read or heard the gospel we were preaching. He replied with some sarcasm, "Yes, some *bhangis** in our village read and talk of *Yisu Masih*," and there we found a group of Christians, with their faces turned away from dumb idols to the living Christ. Our work has been chiefly among these. In many places they are like sheep in the wilderness—foes without—for when zemindars and others find out that these despised ones are learning to read, their hearts are imbittered and they oppose them; then there is ignorance and surperstition within, and very little instruction given to these little ones who need so much. Of late I have been very thankful for the men raised up for this work. I have found earnest, faithful workers who appreciate the responsibilities laid on them. Many are walking long distances to reach the scattered villages; in a few places mothers with babes walk across fields to work and teach. The Bulandshahr district has some good strong centers; Jahangirabad is one. Here a large number of Christians gathered and we had for nearly two hours a wide-awake, interested audience ready to speak as well as to listen. In the mornings we visited villages where there were two or three families of Christians. Puran, an old man baptized on the roadside by the Rev. Charles Luke four years ago, is a real Christian. Although unable to read he is taught by the Spirit things which are hidden from the wise and prudent. We were surprised to see some of the work in the Rev. Hasan Raza Khan's district. His workers are well chosen, and although we went to some of the remote parts of his field, we found good

* Scavengers.

schools for boys, and many more girls under instruction than any other new work which I have visited.

"At Gangiri we had a large company of Christians; the boys and men were eager to learn and I longed to stay six months and teach them. In one place we found an earthen jar hung up in the little room where the school was held, and learned it held the collection; meal and eggs were dropped into it, sometimes daily, and sometimes on Sundays.

"Going from this village to another, we passed one where there were Christians, but could not stop. The men and boys were indignant, and one said, "What! make Christians of us and not have a meeting!" They had cause to be indignant. If all these are to be reached we must all work more, give more, and pray more earnestly. God, the mighty God, is in this work."



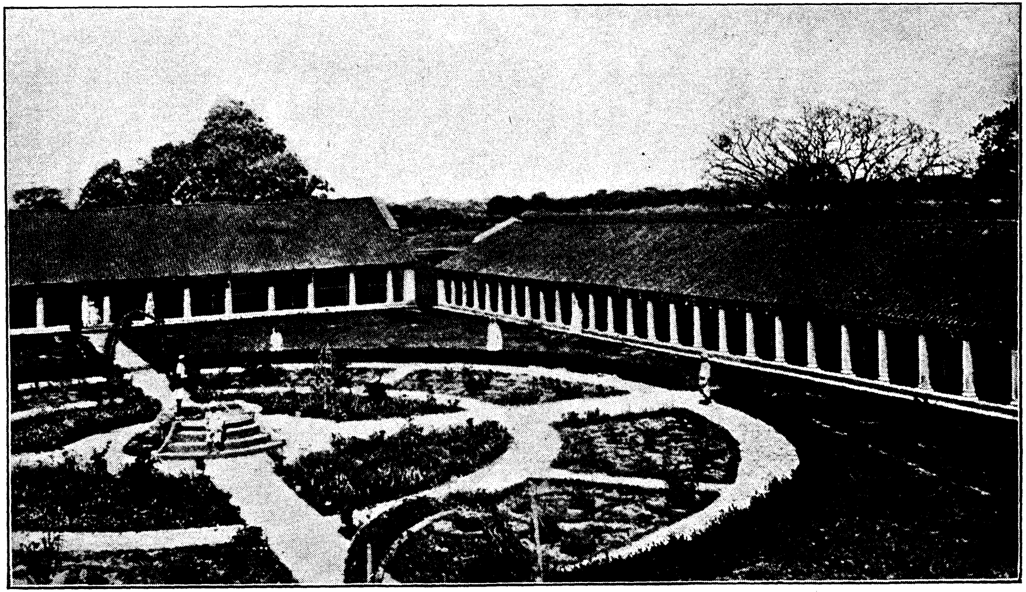
REID CHRISTIAN COLLEGE, LUCKNOW.

CHAPTER XIII.

WOMAN'S WORK.

The extract with which the last chapter closed will have suggested to the reader, in the first place, that a sphere for woman's labor is found in India, and further, that we have already settled the question of admitting women to a share in our great work. It cannot be said that the mission fields of the world were ever closed against Christian women, but for two full generations the transcendent value of their labors in that most needed sphere were not appreciated. For this some excuse can be found in the fact that woman's way in the oriental world had not been prepared in the early part of the century, but it is probable that the difficulties in her way were more imaginary than real. Be the cause what it may, in due time wiser counsels prevailed, the mistake was corrected, and in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-nine a notable movement began in all the churches in favor of organizing missionary societies "of the women, by the women, and for the women." These societies have now had their agents in the field long enough to test their value as workers, and their presence forms one of the most striking features of the foreign missionary work.

The demand for a women's department in the missionary enterprise is largely based upon the fact that in all oriental lands women are more or less secluded from the outer world, and consequently the gospel cannot have free access to them unless a special way is prepared for it. Many millions of the more respectable women, not only in India, but throughout all oriental countries, are kept from early childhood in a state of



THE W MAN'S HOSPITAL IN BAREILLY.

rigid seclusion. Millions of them are never permitted to see the face of a man unless it be a father, brother, or other very close relative. Even where the rule is in a measure relaxed, and where the women are permitted to go abroad, as is the case in some of the more liberal countries, and also among the working classes throughout all of the East, the way of access to women and girls is so hedged about in various ways, that the great majority of them are secluded from ordinary gospel privileges. In the seclusion of remote country villages and hamlets women are so timid, and also so hindered by the prevailing notions of propriety, that they rarely join an audience of men when they assemble to hear an itinerant preacher. Hence it becomes necessary not only to send Christian women to carry the word of life to those in seclusion, but also, in the main, to employ the same agency in reaching the mass of the women everywhere.

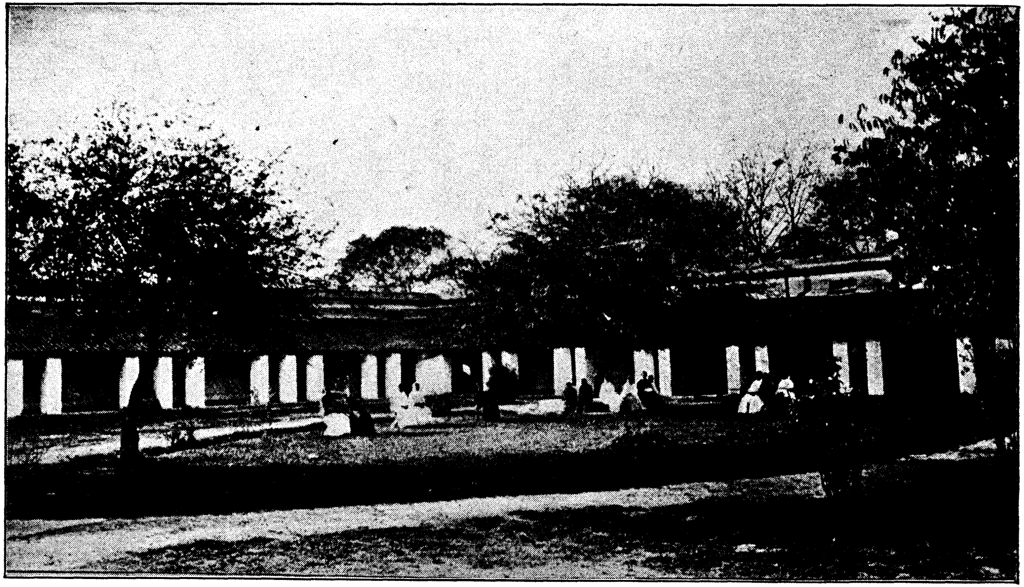
In addition to this special demand, it has been discovered, to the surprise of many good men, that the presence of Christian women in the mission field, as elsewhere, in many respects duplicates the whole missionary force. Many kinds of work can be done, not only as well, but better, by women than by men, as has been demonstrated in the school-rooms of the United States. Already hundreds of lady teachers have taken the places which men would otherwise have occupied in the mission schools of India, and thereby set their brethren free for other forms of labor. There are very few kinds of work in the foreign field which women cannot do. As teachers and evangelists they are in demand everywhere. Many of them study medicine and carry both physical and spiritual relief to the homes of the suffering; others have become accomplished nurses, and are teaching the wives and daughters of converts how to perform the duties of this purely Christian calling; while some have devoted themselves to the creation of a Christian literature for the people of the East, a notable example of which was seen in the case of the late Miss Tucker, better known to the literary public as A. L. O. E.

It would surprise many of our friends in America, and especially those who have grave doubts concerning the freedom with which women are entering into competition with men in almost every ordinary calling, if they could only see how freely some of our Christian ladies in the East take up the general management of missions, especially in remote places. Perhaps the most notable example of this kind was that of the late Mrs. Ingalls, in Burmah, who after the death of her husband continued to carry on his work among the Karen jungles, leading evangelists upon their tours, giving general direction concerning the prosecution of the work, and discharging duties which in the United States would be considered utterly foreign to woman's sphere, but which strangely enough never seem to excite the slightest remark in our foreign missions. Several similar instances have occurred in our own work. At the present time two of our important stations are practically under the direction of ladies, although we have no ecclesiastical title by which to designate the position which they hold. Another illustration occurs to me in which a lady, belonging to a sister denomination, has full control of a mission station, but takes the precaution to keep a native ordained preacher close at hand to attend to the administration of the sacraments. More striking than all, however, is the case of the Australian Baptists, who have actually established a mission with a number of stations in Bengal, concerning which it has been remarked by some one that it is a mission which is "wholly *manned* by women."

It would be hard for anyone in the United States to appreciate the immense proportions of the task which our Christian sisters have undertaken in India. The men of that empire can never be elevated above the level of their wives and daughters, and these on the other hand can only be elevated through the efforts of Christian womanhood. In some respects this part of the work will probably prove the most difficult we have. The women are more ignorant than their husbands, have stronger

prejudices, and at the outset are usually found more hostile to the gospel. They are bound by social fetters which seem cruel to us, but which they themselves prize highly, and from which few of them wish to be delivered. To elevate the womanhood of India, there must needs be one of the greatest revolutions which the world has seen. It is a task which cannot be accomplished in a day, or a year, or a generation, but it is encouraging to observe that in all the wide world there is perhaps no other great enterprise which seems to have been entered upon with a stronger faith, or a warmer zeal, or a more determined spirit, than that which animates the hundreds of Christian women who are now struggling to elevate their sisters in the East.

Although woman's work for women in India is of comparatively recent growth, its progress thus far has been extremely encouraging. A new generation of Christian women has been raised up during the past thirty years, and now large numbers of intelligent Christian ladies may be found in every missionary circle. Of the two colleges in Asia for women, both of which are located in India, one is avowedly Christian, and numbers an Indian lady professor among its staff of teachers, while the other is presided over by an Indian Christian lady, Miss Bose, and is largely imbued with the Christian spirit. It is noted also that the weak and foolish fear, of even educated parents, lest their daughters should not be married at an early age, is rapidly giving way to more sensible notions. In one large assembly of young people, I noticed quite a number of unmarried girls who seemed to me to be over eighteen years of age, and on inquiry I found that more than fifty of them had passed their eighteenth birthday. I was told that with scarcely an exception they were unmarried from choice, and not from necessity. Some of them wished to pursue their education further; some wished to study medicine; others had special plans with which marriage would interfere; while others, and perhaps the majority, had not yet met a suitor whom they cared


DORMITORY OF THE GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL AT LUCKNOW.

to accept. This is a very trifling incident, perhaps, in the eyes of the American reader, but to us in India it is full of encouragement. It tells a story of progress which everyone who is acquainted with Indian society will quickly appreciate, and furnishes us with a just ground for hoping that by the end of another generation thousands upon thousands of Christian women will be found scattered over the empire, who will be able to exert a most healthy influence upon the mass of their fellow country-women.

CHAPTER XIV.

CROWN-MAKING.

"*For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.*"
II Cor. iv, 17.

It has been beautifully suggested that since the glory which we are here said to bear in the eternal world, is elsewhere called a crown, the office of our present affliction is to beat out (worketh) as if it were gold, the crown which is to adorn the believer's brow, when this mortal shall have put on immortality. The blows of affliction which often seem heavy enough to crush us here, are thus made to appear but a part of the process by which each crown of glory is prepared for its glorified wearer in the land of eternal rest. Rest is sweeter after toil; joy is brighter after sorrow, and the tearless world will shine with a brighter radiance when it succeeds to the present life, in which affliction in its various forms is the common heritage of us all.

A striking—I might almost say startling—illustration of the depth of affliction through which Christ's disciples are sometimes called to pass, is found in the case of one of our lady

missionaries, Miss Mary Reed, who went from Ohio to North India some years ago, and after a term of faithful labor was obliged by failing health to return to America for a furlough, which, it was hoped, would not extend beyond two years. Early in the year 1891, while an inmate of Christ's hospital in Cincinnati, where she had gone for treatment, she was obliged to give serious attention to a troublesome sore on the end of her right fore-finger. Several physicians had examined it, but as none of them had ever seen anything of the kind, it was not for a time regarded as very serious; but after various remedies had failed, it was finally proposed to amputate the finger. One day while lying in bed, Miss Reed was somewhat listlessly tapping the counterpane with her finger, as a relief from the dull pain which she had felt for some time, and thinking of God's dealings with her in her past life, when suddenly, and so very distinctly that she could not misunderstand it, it seemed to be said to her, although no voice spoke: "The trouble with your finger is leprosy; you must return to India, and repair at once to the leper asylum at Pithoragarh, and devote the rest of your life to teaching the poor lepers who are inmates of that place." Up to that hour not a thought had for a moment crossed her mind that the sore on her finger might be a symptom of leprosy, and to this day she is unable to account for the intimation received, except by assuming, as she does without hesitation, that God, by his Spirit revealed it to her. She could not remember any occasion on which she had been brought into personal contact with a leper, in such a way as to have contracted this terrible disease, and to this day we can hardly conjecture how she ever became subject to it.

When the hospital surgeon called, later in the day, Miss Reed told him faithfully what had passed in her mind, and assured him that she had not a doubt now as to what troubled her finger. Had she even thought of it sooner, she would have recognized it long before that eventful hour, but the thought had never once crossed her mind. The surgeon, who was an

able and experienced physician, tried to dissuade her from taking so serious a view of the case, but as he never in his life had seen a case of leprosy, he told her that he would look up his medical authorities carefully, and see her the following day. When he returned next day a glance at his face showed but too clearly to what conclusion his studies had led him. While hardly able to repress his tears, he in hesitating words told his patient that there was reason to fear that her surmise had not been altogether incorrect, but that in so important a case he would not give a final decision until a consultation was held. This took place without delay, and the consulting physicians were compelled to admit that Miss Reed had not been mistaken in her statement. To make perfectly sure, however, she was sent to an expert in New York, a gentleman who had seen many cases of leprosy, but he too confirmed the decision arrived at in Cincinnati. There was therefore no alternative but to accept the appalling fact, that this consecrated Christian worker had become subject to a disease which is, perhaps, dreaded more than any other in the world.

From the very first it was noticed by Miss Reed's friends, that she herself did not seem at all crushed by her cruel discovery. On the other hand she seemed to accept her mission as if directly assigned to her from on high, and from that moment made no other plan, and talked of no other plan, than that of going at the earliest possible day to her distant mission. For obvious reasons, the awful discovery was kept from the public for a short time, during which Miss Reed made a farewell visit to her mother. She had written that for important reasons she thought it best to return to India immediately, and when she met her mother she told her casually in the course of conversation that for a special reason she had formed the singular resolve never to kiss anyone again, and that she mentioned it in advance so that her mother might not think strangely of it if she parted from her, without giving her a farewell kiss. The mother did not comprehend her meaning, but supposing

that she had sufficient reason for forming so singular a resolution, she asked for no explanation and let the matter pass. The farewell words were spoken, and the farewell embrace given, but the afflicted daughter bade adieu to her sorrowing mother, knowing that she would meet her no more in this world, without enjoying the luxury of a farewell kiss.

She hastened back to India as rapidly as possible, but stopped long enough in London to consult Sir Joseph Fayrer, the most eminent authority on all Indian diseases to be found in the world. Sir Joseph granted her a prolonged interview, and treated her with the utmost kindness, but was unable to modify in the slightest degree the verdict of the American physicians. He gave her, however, the latest remedies, and a few monographs on the subject of leprosy, which have since proved of value to her.

Arriving in India Miss Reed proceeded at once to Pithoragarh, which is a remote station in Kumaun, among the Himalaya mountains. I met her in Almora in September, 1891, and had the pleasure, which was by no means a melancholy pleasure, of listening to the story of her trials and triumphs, and cheering her on her way. I am glad to say that leprosy, although a terrible affliction at best, is by no means so dreadful a disease as is commonly supposed in America. In some cases the disease makes rapid headway, and the end comes in the short space of one or two years, but in other cases the patient lives in comparative comfort for ten, fifteen, or possibly even twenty years or more. There are several varieties of the disease and none of them are at all contagious unless the skin is broken, which is not always the case, or when broken, the affected part is brought in contact with a cut, or abrasion of some kind, on the skin of a healthy person. Hence those of us who have lived long in India, have practically ceased to be afraid of lepers, and go among them without the slightest hesitation. Thus far, medical skill has not been able to discover any cure for this much dreaded disease, but it seems to be well established, that

although not able to cure leprosy, certain medicines can arrest its progress, and this gives an unspeakable measure of relief to those on whom the disease has not as yet made much progress.

Miss Reed proceeded directly to her work, and for three years has been quietly working among the lepers in her asylum. Statistics show that the district of Eastern Kumaun suffers more from this terrible disease than any other part of India, and it certainly seems an extraordinary fact that this daughter of affliction should have been sent in this peculiar way to minister to those who above all need help, and who otherwise would have had no one to do for them what she is now doing.

The nature of Miss Reed's affliction could not long be kept concealed, and unfortunately the newspaper reporters, with the coarseness which is too characteristic of reporters generally, spread it out before the public in terms which must have been painful to her relatives. Assuming that this would certainly happen, she had taken the precaution to write to her mother herself, and tell her the whole painful truth. She has since accepted her mission in precisely the same spirit that other missionaries and other Christian workers do, who are persuaded that they have found the work to which God has sent them, and accept it as their lot in life. She is probably as happy as any other Christian worker, and does not ever seem for a moment to feel that the lines have fallen to her in other than pleasant places. The whole story furnishes a wonderful illustration of the power of Divine grace, and while there are mysterious features connected with it, which make us almost dumb in the presence of so strange a providence, yet no one can hear the story told without realizing that God has a thousand ways, not only to lead believers home, but to reach the suffering and sorrowing of men who are scattered over our poor earth. Missionaries are not devoted above all other Christians, and it should not for a moment be supposed that they lead a life of semi-martyrdom, and yet beyond all doubt, the missionary field

MISS MARY REED.

has afforded startling opportunities for the exercise of Christian heroism and Christian devotion of the highest order. It is a treasure to any mission to have an afflicted disciple like Miss Reed, thus commissioned among its workers, and in the world to come it will no doubt be seen, that although a weary sufferer, and practically banished from society, she has been through all these years, beating out a more than golden crown, which will shine with resplendent glory when the stars above us shall have ceased to shine forever.

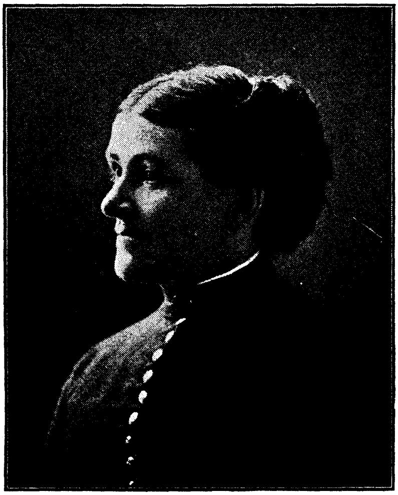
CHAPTER XV.

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATION.

The story of our school work in India would be too long for these limited pages, but it may suffice to say, briefly, that from the very first we have vigorously prosecuted our educational work. At first we devoted our chief attention to schools for Hindus and Mohammedan boys. In those days we did not find ready access to other classes, and it seemed that our most successful way of reaching the people would be through the doorway of schools, especially those in which the English language was taught. The better classes were eager to have their boys taught English, and the boys themselves were always quite eager to get admission to our schools when we invited them to come. Some of these schools have done a good work, and have developed into important institutions, but in more recent years the extraordinary increase of our converts among the depressed classes has changed all the conditions of the situation, and compelled us to close some of our non-Christian schools, and in other cases to change the character of the teaching, so as to make them much more decidedly Christian than formerly. We still, however, maintain schools of a high grade, having no less than eleven high schools and two colleges in operation at the present time.* We are obliged to pro-

*The two colleges, one for young men and the other for young women, are both located in Lucknow, occupying grounds about a mile apart. The former has been named "Reid Christian College," in honor of Dr. J. M. Reid, to whom our work in India is greatly indebted, and the latter is known as the Woman's College of Lucknow. The Rev. W. A. Mansell is Principal of the former, and Miss Isabella Thoburn of the latter.

vide schools not only for our Indian converts, but for European and Eurasian boys and girls. Large numbers of Europeans who are born in India will make that country their permanent home, and the growing community of Anglo-Indians will always, in the nature of the case, exert a profound influence



MISS THOBURN, PRINCIPAL OF WOMAN'S COLLEGE, LUCKNOW.

upon the destinies of the Indian people. How far they will remain permanently separated from the multitudes who are popularly called the Natives, remains to be seen, but our present duty is manifestly to provide for their religious welfare to the fullest extent, and this includes a good Christian education.

In the chapter on pastor-teachers, our efforts at educating the children of our converts in the villages, have been sufficiently described. At present it need only be added that it is our plan, as soon as possible, to provide everywhere properly organized schools in which the children can be educated up to

what is called in India, the primary standard. Beyond this we do not expect to go; at least for another generation, but we have adopted the plan of selecting choice boys and girls from these primary schools, and promoting them to the boarding department of higher institutions. Here again we make a second selection, and send on the more promising boys and girls to the high schools, and from these again we hope to select a choice few who will be worthy of promotion to the college classes.

A stranger visiting our mission field will, perhaps, be struck with the prominence which we give to boarding schools. We were not long in discovering that it was absolutely necessary to separate the children of Christian parents from all their home associations, for at least a year or two, in order to give them a correct idea of what constitutes a consistent Christian life. In the midst of the ordinary village, and especially in the midst of heathen and Mohammedan neighbors, the children can hardly be expected to get a proper idea of what a Christian life really is, and much less can their parents understand the meaning of such a term. Like other people, the natives of India learn by example much more readily than by precept. They must see a Christian life before they can fully comprehend it; hence we formed a plan at a very early period in our mission work, to gather out a few boys and girls from each community and bring them together in cheap boarding schools, where they can remain long enough to become fully initiated into the Christian way of living. The girls are received, for the most part, when ten or twelve years of age, and since the daughters of our Christians as yet, with few exceptions, begin their married life at an early age, we can only hope to keep them in school two or three years. They are allowed to marry legally at fourteen, but by making special efforts we can induce the parents to postpone the marriage two or three years later. During this period the girls are able to acquire a moderate education, and those of them who begin their married life in

their village homes, go out like so many young missionaries among the people, and their influence upon them is very good in every way.*

The boys can be expected to remain longer, and most of them are more than willing to do so. They are eager to push their education as far as possible, as it helps them in getting lucrative situations, and in fact assists them in the battle of life in many ways. More of them are able to pursue the high-school course, and go on through college, than of their sisters, chiefly because the latter are taken out of school prematurely on account of marriage, but in the case of both boys and girls the influence of the boarding school is beyond all value. Intelligent Christians have told me that nothing has done so much to elevate the reputation of our village Christians among their high-caste neighbors as the distribution of educated women among the people. As an illustration I may mention the case of a head man of a village, who received a letter one day from a postman, but was unable to read it, and it so happened that on that particular day he could not find a man in the village who could read it for him. He was extremely anxious to know what the letter contained, and while making eager inquiries some one told him that a young woman in the Christian quarter was able to read. It is not customary for a man such as this head man was to visit the Christian quarter at all, much less to go there to ask a favor of a woman, but being very eager to have his letter read, he went in that direction, and beckoned to a man from whom he inquired if it was true that a woman living there could read. When assured that there was such a

*Dr. J. F. Goucher, the well-known President of the Baltimore Woman's College, was among the first to recognize the importance of educating a select number of our Indian youths, and for eight or nine years past, he has shown his interest in the plan by providing for the maintenance of over one hundred village schools, and also for sending the same number of promising boys and girls to a central boarding school. I have frequently had occasion to say that I have seen no work in India which gave promise of better results than this enterprise of Dr. Goucher's.

woman, he asked to have her brought to him, and in a short time she appeared, escorted by her husband. The letter was presented to her, and she at once opened and read it to the entire satisfaction of the head man. It was said that this little incident when it became noised abroad, made a profound impression upon the people. Not only the head man, but every other man in the village, must have felt that the Christian woman was superior to any other woman in the place, and it is impossible for ordinary mortals to fail to respect a woman who proves herself as worthy of respect as this one was able to do.

About two years ago it began to be felt among our missionaries in India, that the influx of so many thousand converts was precipitating upon us a problem of the gravest nature. It was felt that we must make provision for the education of the young people coming to us, or else stop their coming. The whole subject was canvassed most carefully at the Annual Conferences, and the most rigid estimates made as to the least possible cost of educating a large number of children. It was finally decided to make a special offer to Christians in America or elsewhere, to the effect that the missionaries would undertake to educate ten boys or girls for twelve months, for the nominal sum of $100. This was to include board, clothing, and tuition. An offer of so extraordinary a kind very naturally attracted widespread attention, and many liberal responses have been made. Large numbers of boys and girls have been gathered into boarding schools, but as yet not enough money has been received to justify the acceptance of one thousand pupils, as was at first contemplated. Meanwhile, some donors are puzzled to know why a larger sum is asked in other cases, and how it is that a child can be received and educated for $10 a year.

The answer is that the missionaries avowedly put the figure a little below the actual cost. It was a desperate effort to meet a desperate emergency. In all boarding schools the rule is common to make a reduction when two or more children come from a single family. In this case we proceed

on the same principle, and in order to provide for as many children as possible we fixed upon the number ten, and offered to reduce accordingly; but we are not able, as some good friends think we ought to be, to provide for a single child for less than $15. Aside from all other questions, we could not think of assuming the trouble it would involve to have a list of a thousand children, each with a donor giving $10 a year, and expecting a correspondence to be kept up with each child. We simply cannot do it, or even think of doing it. We will take children at the low rate, provided they are subscribed for in "blocks of ten." Otherwise the lowest price is $15.

Schools in India are of various grades, and the cost varies in different parts of the empire. We have village schools, in which a teacher can be employed for $30 a year, or even less. In our better boarding schools the cost cannot be reduced much below $20 without loss to the mission. In our high schools $20 is a low sum with which to provide books, clothing, washing, food and tuition. In our colleges the cost is again a little higher Twenty-five or thirty dollars ought to be provided for each pupil in the Christian boarding-school.

In addition to our schools for the natives of India, we have other schools for Europeans and Eurasians, and these again vary in expense according to the grade of the school, or the part of the country in which it is located. In Calcutta all scholarships are fixed at $84 a year; in Rangoon girls are received for smaller sums, varying from $30 to $50, according to special circumstances. There is a difference, however, in the grading of the schools. In the mountains the cost is again greater for both boys and girls. Donors must not for a moment think that when they have given any certain sum for the education of a boy or girl, and chance to hear of another who gives less, that there is anything unfair in the agreement. The schools are as far apart as San Francisco is from Pittsburg, and no rigid rule will apply.

MISS LILIVATI SINGH, M. A.

Miss Singh is professor of English in the Lucknow Woman's College. At ten years of age she entered as student in the primary class of Miss Thoburn's Anglo-Vernacular School. In course of time she matriculated and entered a Calcutta institution, where she graduated. She is one of a select few who enjoy the distinguished honors of both an M. A. and B. A. degree.

Miss Singh is a Christian lady of the third generation. Her family renounced heathenism when her grandfather and his two brothers became Christians. One of the latter suffered death as a result. She was brought up in a home where women were allowed more liberty than is ordinarily accorded under the rules of Hindoo society.

Before the conversion of these relatives the family was of the warrior caste, which is the next to the Brahmin.

Miss Singh is a fine scholar. She has always been a diligent student. In her youth she recited, one Christmas occasion, all the golden texts, memory verses, outlines and topics of all the lessons of the year, without making a mistake. Being told, in answer to her inquiry, that Greene's history was written in excellent English, she read that book through seven times. Thus she always aimed at success.

Miss Singh's ability has attracted the attention of persons on more than one occasion. Sir Auckland Colvin, on meeting her, remarked to an acquaintance afterward that "she was a most remarkable woman; indeed, the most cultured native lady he had ever met." Her address at the Ecumenical Conference, New York, was accorded a most flattering reception. It is pleasant to know that such fine intellectual abilities are directed by a will consecrated to Christ.

T. C.

MISS LILIVATI SINGH,

Professor of Literature in Woman's Christian College, Lucknow.

CHAPTER XVI.

OUR INDIAN MINISTRY.

So much has already been said in these pages in reference to our preachers of various grades, that not very much remains to be said in reference to those who are embraced under the term, ministry, in the popular sense of that word. For quite a number of years it was our policy not to ordain many of our preachers to the ministerial office, but as the work has extended, and the necessity for thrusting responsibility upon our native brethren has become very obvious, our leaders, with few exceptions, have been led to change their views upon the whole subject. We are now ordaining very considerable numbers of our preachers, and perceive clearly that in the future these ordinations must constantly increase rather than diminish. We ordain no man however, until he has been thoroughly tried. Until a very recent date it was our policy to keep every man at least twelve years in subordinate work before he became eligible to elders' orders. It would be well if the same long period of probation could be enforced in every case, but necessity knows no law, and the rapid increase of scattered converts makes it necessary either to ordain additional men, or introduce informalities in our administration which would probably lead to a good deal of confusion.

As a general rule, an ordained man among us is placed in a very responsible position; with few exceptions these men have charge of a group of villages in which Christians live, after the manner of an old-time Methodist circuit in the United States. Instead of sending two, or at most three, men of equal

rank as colleagues, to a circuit of this kind, it is our policy to send the man of superior rank and larger experience, who is placed in charge of quite a number of subordinates. These again are of various ranks, some of them perhaps being new converts, while others may have preached for a number of years. The ordained pastor is thus made to bear a very weighty responsibility, and in every case it is of the utmost importance that he should be a trustworthy man; hence we provide not only that he should have the proper education, but that he should be further educated in the school of experience.

We are all believers in the priesthood of the people, and have learned while in India the lesson which the history of the Christian church in all countries so plainly teaches, viz: that every minister worthy the name must come directly from the people, and thus prevent the ministerial office from becoming the perquisite of a select order. We maintain the policy of marking the gifts of all our people, especially of the young men, and whenever it becomes evident that a brother is able to speak to edification, he is at once put in a position where he can exercise his gifts, after which his progress will depend mainly upon himself.

We have a theological school at the city of Bareilly, as is probably well known to most readers of these pages. This is not a school for making preachers, but distinctly for the purpose of training persons who have already become preachers. As far as possible the policy is pursued of sending such men to this institution as give promise of marked usefulness. Although obvious difficulties are encountered, in all such efforts, especially in a new work like ours, yet it is evident that year by year, we are succeeding in eliminating unworthy candidates, and maintaining a steady improvement in the quality of those who go out as graduates. Our theological school has for many years been under the direction of Dr. T. J. Scott, whose chief work in India has been that of modeling and developing the institution. In this work he has been indefatigable, and his

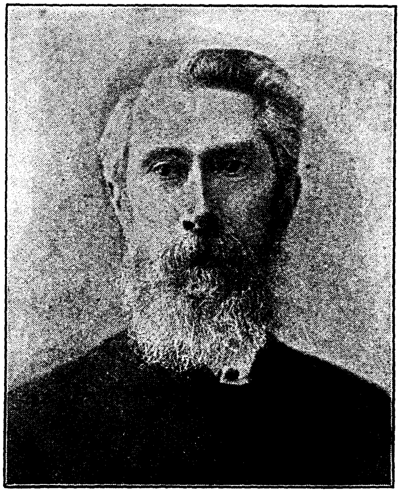
name will for many years to come be associated with the school.

A peculiarity of this seminary, and one which perhaps is not found in connection with any similar institution in the world, is that a training school for the wives of the students is conducted on lines parallel with those laid down in the seminary itself. Most young men in India marry young, and hence very many of those who wish to study for the ministry are married men when they first come to the seminary. The wives of the majority of them are usually quite illiterate, and unless these women are educated and trained, they will greatly hinder their husbands in subsequent life. To guard against this difficulty, Mrs. Scott has for a number of years maintained an extremely interesting school of married women, and in doing so has probably accomplished almost as much good, although in a much more simple way, as her husband has done among the young men. I feel as if I were treading on doubtful ground, and yet can hardly resist the temptation to remark, that it would be well for all the Christian ministers of the world, if their wives could also receive a special training for the position and work which they are expected to occupy in after life.

It rarely happens that a young man attending our theological school is able to pay his own way, even in part, and hence the policy has been pursued from the first of procuring endowments and scholarships for helping these young men through. At the present rate of exchange, from $25 to $40 will suffice to maintain a student, the expense depending in each case on the size of the family. Generously disposed friends could hardly do a better work than to pay down a sufficient sum of money to endow such a scholarship for all time to come.

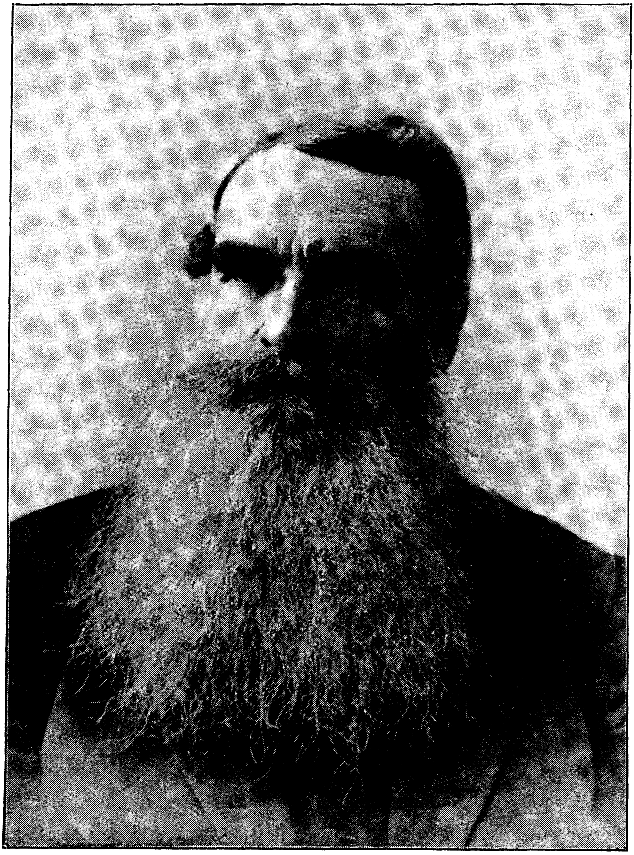
The attention of our friends in America ought to be called to the fact, although we are preaching the gospel in sixteen different languages, we have only one theological school, and the teaching of this institution is conducted in only one language. We do not need immediately fifteen new institutions,

but we certainly shall require four or five such schools before many years. It would be found impossible, even if we made the attempt, to give instruction at Bareilly to students who did not understand Hindustani. It may yet be found barely possible to maintain one school for Marathi and Gujrati students



THE REV. T. J. SCOTT, D. D.

in West India, or possibly for students who speak two kindred languages in South India, but it is more probable that a separate school will be required for each language. Truly the demands which our rapidly unfolding work will make upon the Church of the early future, will be such as would have seemed utterly incredible a generation ago.



BISHOP WM. TAYLOR,

Who laid deep the foundations of the work among the Domiciled English of India.

CHAPTER XVII.

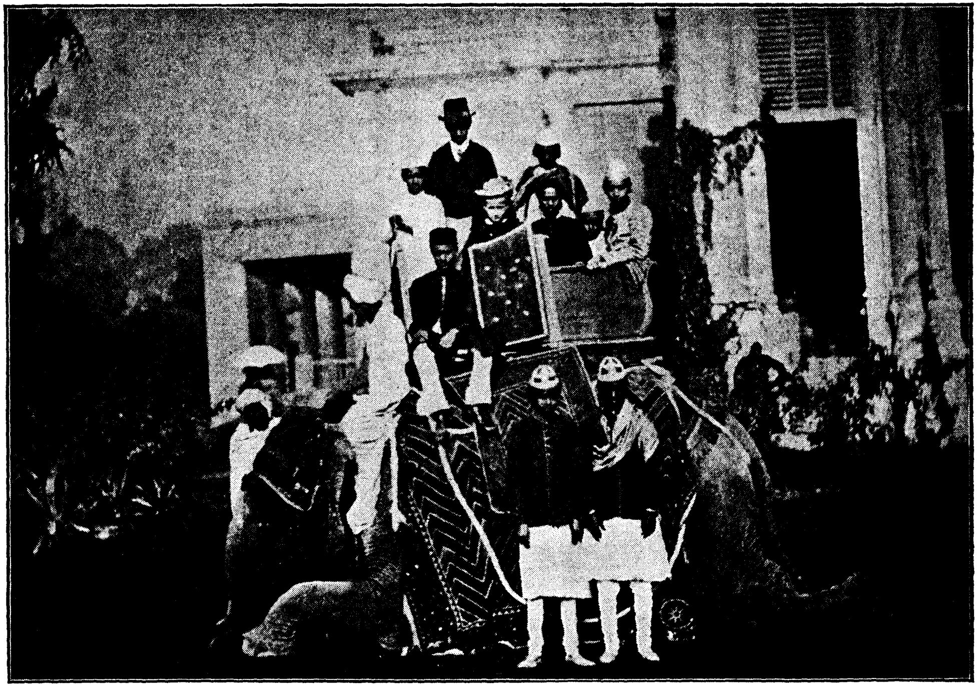
SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

Thirty years ago Sunday-schools had little more than a nominal existence in India. The few English churches in the large cities, of course, maintained Sunday-schools in a more or less formal way, and also a beginning had been made among the Indian converts in most parts of the country. These schools were, however, for the most part very much unlike the Sunday-schools of the present day in the United States and England. The chief difficulty was found in the absence of pupils. The Christian communities were nearly all small, and even in country districts, where Christians are more numerous, the value of the Sunday-school as a missionary agency had not been fully appreciated. The difficulty which was encountered by those who made efforts to sustain Sunday-school work more widely, was chiefly caused by the unwillingness of the Indian and Mohammedan boys to attend. Of course nothing could be done among the girls for the sufficient reason that in those days girls' day-schools had hardly yet become known. Both adults and children were afraid of every building which was, or seemed to be, a place of Christian worship, and hence all attempts to bring the boys together on Sunday for a service which resembled Christian worship, had failed.

A way out of this difficulty was finally discovered somewhat unexpectedly. Instead of trying to bring the children to the Sunday-school it was found much more easy to take the Sunday-school to the children; in other words, by giving up a little of the outward formality, and resorting to other places than

churches, it was found that large numbers of boys could be collected, and interested in a simple routine which served all the purpose of a Sunday-school, without exactly sustaining its outward form. It was during the year 1871 that Mr. Craven, then stationed in Lucknow, began to gather groups of boys together, at first in out of the way places, and afterward in the streets, and induced them to join in singing simple hymns to native airs. The boys were delighted with the exercises, and the spectators who gathered to see and hear were also pleased, while no one seemed to think for a moment that Christian worship was being performed before their very eyes. The next step was to induce the boys who attended school to engage in singing, and very soon it was found perfectly practicable to get all the boys belonging to the several day-schools to come together on Sunday for singing and scripture recitations. Once started, the work spread rapidly, and experiments made in other stations proved in every way successful. Before the lapse of six months a new Sunday-school work had been fully inaugurated in nearly all our mission stations, and as the years went by a similar work has spread all over India.

These Sunday-schools are conducted in a very informal way, and yet serve a very important purpose. The boys are summoned to the place of meeting by the voice of singing, and always gather promptly; after singing a few hymns, all join in repeating the Lord's Prayer; then more singing follows, and after that, repeating of verses, answering questions in a simple catechism, receiving cards each having a verse of Scripture printed on it, and at the close of all a short exhortation by the superintendent. As it nearly always happens that a number of adults gather to look on and hear, the superintendent often takes advantage of the opportunity to give a short but pointed sermon, and in this way something like a regular Christian service is held. Of course we are obliged to vary the program very much according to circumstances. In every case singing is the most prominent part of the service, and whenever inter-



BOYS AND A EURASIAN GIRL WHO PASSED A PERFECT EXAMINATION BY RECITING ALL THE GOLDEN TEXTS AND SELECTED VERSES OF THE LESSONS OF THE YEAR IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOLS OF LUCKNOW, NOW MOUNTING AN ELEPHANT TO RIDE TO THE CHRISTMAS PIC-NIC.

est lags or the boys become restive, the singing of a hymn or two is sure to restore order, and revive the wavering interest of the pupils.

I once rose at daylight and went out into a country village, to witness the procedure of a young man with two or three assistants, who carried on a number of Sunday-schools. I arrived at the spot before sunrise, and was directed to an open space where the ground was beaten hard, on which the children usually met. The superintendent first took his cane and drew a number of parallel lines on the ground at a distance from one another of about four feet, and separated in the middle by an aisle about six feet wide. The singing then began, when immediately the children came running from all parts of the village and ranged themselves with their toes to the lines which had been drawn on the ground, so that in a few minutes they were all in as good position as if seated upon rows of benches. After singing and repeating the Lord's Prayer, they squatted down on the ground in the regular order which they had first assumed, and then the exercises of the school went on, with occasional interruptions, it is true, and yet upon the whole, in almost as orderly a way as if they had been inside a building. It was necessary, however, as it always is in such cases, to do everything quickly, and hence the school was closed in a little less than half an hour from the time that the first scene began. A few minutes later the superintendent and his assistants were mounted on a dog-cart, and hastening to another village to hold a second school. Their plan was to hold three such schools in the morning, so as to finish their work and get back home before the heat became oppressive.

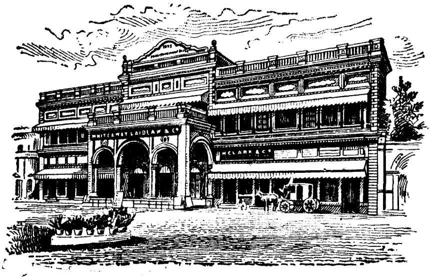
At the close of 1895 no less than 92,000 children were in attendance at the Sunday-schools of our mission in India and Malaysia. Not all of these were Christian, and yet every one of them is in a very practical sense under Christian influence. The wildest boy from the streets regards himself as placed in some slight relation to Christianity when he becomes an in-

mate of a Christian Sunday-school. The hymns learned in these schools are sung everywhere, and sung all the time, and thus hundreds of thousands hear songs of salvation, which many of them in turn learn how to sing, and very few of them will ever forget. The best feature of this work is that it is capable of almost indefinite expansion, and no doubt as the years go by the good work will be taken up by our future converts, and carried on with constantly increasing efficiency.

Closely akin to our Sunday-school work is the new agency of the Epworth League, which has not only been introduced among our converts, but has met with unexpected success. We have now among our Christians a very considerable number of young people, many of whom are educated and intelligent persons, and all of whom take a very lively interest in the Epworth League. They find in it opportunities for improving themselves, and also for exercising their gifts, which they highly prize. I have frequently attended their meetings, and have always been struck not only with the interest manifested, but with the ability with which their work is conducted. Young men, and sometimes young women as well, have learned to preside, not only with dignity, but with no little skill. The discussions which follow the reading of essays, or the introduction of resolutions of various kinds, are often extremely interesting. These league meetings are not by any means mere debating schools, but serve other purposes with marked success. In them our young people discuss various questions of missionary policy, form plans for progressive work, and find opportunities for developing such talent as they may possess, as speakers and writers.

It is an encouraging thought that we have a large host of young people now about ready to step out upon the stage of active life, who are vastly better equipped for service than the young people of the present generation could possibly have been. Happy is the church which knows how to take care of its young men and women. We have little to fear so long as it

is apparent that our young people do not desert the altars of the church in which they have been reared, when they reach the years of manhood and womanhood. Up to the present date no indication of such a tendency has appeared among our Christians. It is devoutly to be hoped that throughout all the years to come we shall be able, whatever other interests we may have to sacrifice, to retain all our sons and daughters within the pale of the church in which they have been born and brought up.



METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE, LUCKNOW.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OUR PUBLISHING INTERESTS.

Missionaries in all lands have always found it necessary, sooner or later, to use the press as an auxiliary to their work, but it is beginning to be felt by many that, not only has the value of this agency been underrated in the past, but that the missionary enterprise has entered upon an era in which it will become absolutely necessary to give the press a prominence far beyond that which it now enjoys. In our own mission a very unpretentious beginning was made at Bareilly, as far back as 1860, when Dr. Waugh set up the first printing press of our mission in that city. For many years, however, but little progress was made, though the press had been removed to Lucknow, and its resources somewhat increased, until 1872, when the Rev. T. Craven assumed charge, enlarged the basis on which the work had been carried on, and in the course of a few years succeeded in building up the largest and most vigorous mission press in the empire.

Our Lucknow press, although now well equipped and constantly employed, can only provide for the wants of Northern India, where the Hindustani language is universally spoken. This language exists in two main branches, Urdu and Hindi. In printing the former no less than four different characters are employed, one a Romanized Urdu, one Persi-Arabic adapted to the use of type, and one of the same character employed in lithographic work. In addition to these, English is also printed to a very considerable extent. It can readily be understood that a well equipped publishing house such as we

have at Lucknow, will have all its resources fully taxed in providing a literature which must be printed in five different characters. The output of work, although large, is in no measure what will be required a generation hence, when the 103,000,000 people speaking Hindustani begin to turn by hundreds of thousands, and probably millions, toward Christianity. We try to look to the future by providing for the present, and hence find it necessary to plan for a steady enlargement of our Lucknow press. It has thus far been built up with very little assistance from America, but friends interested in this department of our work could hardly do better than make generous provision for its enlargement.

In 1885 our mission made its first beginning in this line in Calcutta by establishing a press in that city, which it is hoped will in time prove a source of great blessing to the 40,000,000 people who speak the Bengali language. The Bengalis are noted for their intellectual activity, and the English language and education have made greater progress among them than among any other Indian people. The Bengali language is comparatively modern, and is yet to some extent in a formative stage, but as might have been expected among such a people, vernacular literature has begun to attract no little attention. Newspapers and other periodicals, and books of various kinds, are multiplying in Calcutta, Dacca, and elsewhere, and it is evident that we must make liberal provision, not only for the literary wants of the Bengali Christian community but for the general diffusion of Christian knowledge among the people of the province.

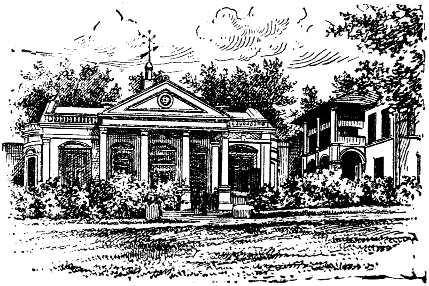
Our third publishing house is located in the city of Madras, where it is in touch with all the races of Southern India. Dr. A. W. Rudisill first set up a small press in that city some years ago, and by careful management succeeded in extending its work until it gained an established position, and demonstrated the fact that if properly managed a publishing house could be established in Madras with unlimited opportunities for useful

ness among the people who speak the Tamil, Kanarese and Telugu languages.

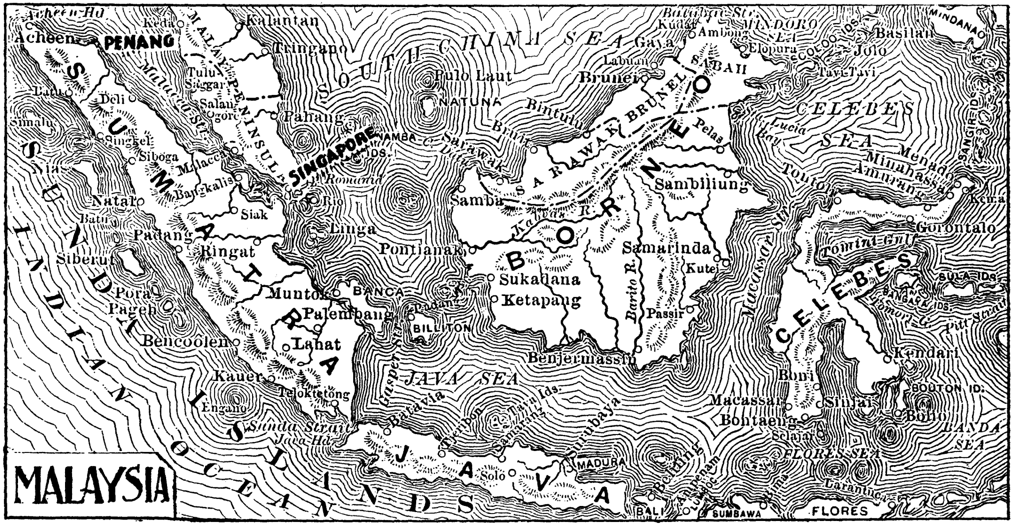
Our fourth publishing enterprise is located in the far-off city of Singapore, where the Rev. W. G. Shellabear began the work about four years ago. Mr. Shellabear, while a Captain of Engineers in the British army, was stationed at Singapore, and there became acquainted with our missionaries, and after mastering the Malay language associated himself with them in their preaching and other work. Becoming interested in the Malays, and in Christian work generally, and also feeling a conviction that God would have him devote his life to missionary work, this young officer, although enjoying exceptional prospects in the most popular arm of the English military service, resigned his place and consecrated his life to the nobler calling of a missionary of Christ. He returned to London, obtained permission to enter a printing office, and for some time could be seen among the regular workmen, hard at work himself, and busy in mastering the details of the printer's calling. In due time, having secured a suitable preparation, he returned to Singapore, taking with him a sufficient plant to begin the work of printing, and set up his new press in a very unpretentious way. The work prospered under his care, the plant has been increased, and premises have been rented in the business part of the city, where the work is now carried on successfully. The printing is mostly in the Malay language, and in the Arabic character, which is used by most of the Malays who are Mohammedans.

The latest enterprise of the kind is found in Bombay—the New York of India. The two chief languages of Western India, Marathi and Gujrati are both spoken in Bombay. The people are intelligent, the schools are appreciated, newspapers in the native languages flourish, and at that port of Bombay the publications of an infidel character are received from Western lands. The opportunity for conferring a very decided benefit to India in making the publishing house at this point efficient and strong is of great moment.

Our great publishing work in the East must be put upon a firm foundation and pushed with all possible vigor. Without it the future of our church in the East must necessarily be more or less clouded. In modern times, as of old, it may be said of God's people that they are destroyed for lack of knowledge. While we give our converts everything else, we must provide for them healthful reading; they must be kept abreast of events; they must learn what kind of a world they live in and what is going on around them, and especially be kept acquainted with the great movements which God himself is directing among the nations, not only in their own India, but among all the nations of the world. In other words, they must become a reading people, and in view of their great poverty, their more fortunate brothers and sisters in Christian lands must help to provide for this great want.



MISSION CHURCH, SINGAPORE, MALAYSIA.


MALAYSIA
SOUTH CHINA SEA
INDIAN OCEAN
SUNDA ISLANDS
SUMATRA
BORNEO
CELEBES
JAVA
JAVA SEA
CELEBES SEA
FLORES SEA
BANDA SEA
MALAY PENINSULA
SINGAPORE
PENANG
SARAWAK
BRUNEI
SABAH
Acheen
Deli
Padang
Bencoolen
Palembang
Lahat
Muntok
BANCA
BILLITON
Batavia
Solo
Surabaya
MADURA
BALI
SUMBAWA
FLORES
Pontianak
Sukadana
Ketapang
Benjermassin
Samarinda
Kutei
Passir
Sambiliung
Samba
Brunei
Labuan
Bintulu
Pulo Laut
NATUNA
Kalantan
Tringano
Pahang
Siak
Ringat
Linga
Rio
Macassar
Bontaeng
Sinjai
Boni
Kendari
Gorontalo
Menado
Minahassa
Tomini Gulf
SULA IDS.
BOUTON ID.
Jolo
Basilan
MINDANAO
Elopura
Gaya
Macassar Str.
Barito R.
Kahajan R.
Sunda Strait
Gasper Str.
Malacca Str.
Siboga
Singkel
Natal
Siberut
Pora
Pageh
Kauer
Engano
Teloktetong
Malacca
Bangkalis
Keda

CHAPTER XIX.

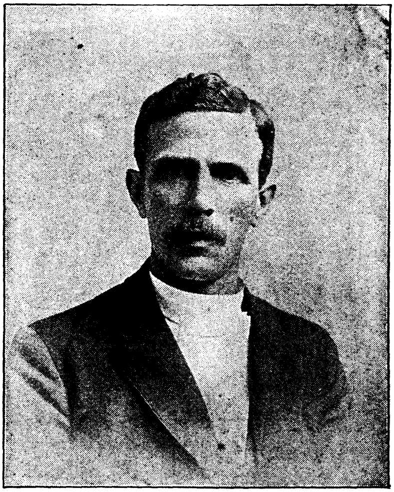
OUR FOREIGN MISSION.

It is a hopeful sign of healthy progress, when a mission planted in a non-Christian country becomes strong enough, and courageous enough, to repeat its own history by planting a new mission in another land, that is, in a land foreign to the country in which the mission has been established. Such instances have occurred in various fields, and practically more than once in our own history in India. In a region which embraces so many nationalities as India, and where vast areas are still destitute of missionary agencies of all kinds, any advance into new territory is practically very nearly the same as establishing a new foreign mission. In the present case, however, I wish to speak of a movement which, in the strict geographical sense of the word was foreign to India. I refer to the Malaysia mission, with its headquarters at Singapore. The missionary party of four persons who visited that city in 1885 to plant the mission, were obliged to take a sea voyage of 1,900 miles from Calcutta, down the south-eastern coast of the Bay of Bengal, to their destination, and they certainly all felt that they were practically going from their adopted country to a foreign land.

It is not my purpose to give a detailed account of the planting of this mission. For full particulars of this very interesting movement the reader is referred to my book, "India and Malaysia." At present it is only designed to point out the remarkable influence which this enterprise has had, not only upon our missionaries as a body, but upon those of our converts who have been able to appreciate the full import of a movement of this kind. It may be well enough to say, parenthetically, that all foreign missions should be encouraged to look beyond their

own immediate neighborhood, and hold themselves in readiness at all times to enter any open door which God may set before them. Such an attitude keeps them in lively remembrance of the great commission which they, above all others, bear, and not only stimulates their zeal, but hinders a tendency to contracted views wlth limited interests, which sometimes manifests itself even among successful missionaries.

Our mission in Malaysia was first established in the face of extraordinary difficulties. It had not been regularly authorized



DR. W. F. OLDHAM.

by our missionary friends in America, and we had no financial resources with which to sustain it. In the way of a missionary staff we had Dr. W. F. Oldham and his wife, and these two isolated workers were sent into a new region, to establish a most responsible work in the face of very great difficulties, under circumstances which, in the eyes of the whole Christian world, would have excused them frcm making the attempt. It was

literally an effort to establish a foreign mission without any capital whatever, except the promises of God and the conviction that the hand of providence guided us thither, and that the spirit of God prompted us to undertake the work. With regard to the progress of this work, suffice it to say that it has been in many ways very remarkable. We have gained an exceedingly strong foothold in the city of Singapore, and our brethren are preaching to the Chinese in two or three different languages, to the Malays, the Tamil colonists from Ceylon and India, and to a goodly number of Europeans. Four ladies who work on the Deaconess basis have come into possession of a beautiful home, and are carrying on a work of extreme interest among the Chinese and Tamil women and girls. The Anglo-Chinese school for boys and young men has had a career of remarkable prosperity, and is now said to be the largest Chinese mission school in the world. An orphanage for Chinese and Malay boys has been established; a soldiers institute opened for European troops; a vigororous little publishing house put in operation, and rescue work commenced chiefly for the help of Chinese women, and lastly a large number of Chinese converts have been baptized and organized into a Christian church.

A second station has been opened in the city of Penang, which is built on a small island, 350 miles further up the coast. Here the story of our success in Singapore has, in many respects, repeated itself in the short space of three years. A very large school for Chinese boys has been successfully established, and also smaller schools for Indian boys and girls, regular preaching in English has been maintained, and a good work among the Chinese and Indian women is also reported. The latest letters received bring word of the recent opening of a new station on the Peninsula, at a place called Ipoh; and an out station was also opened two years ago in the ancient city of Malacca. Urgent calls reach our missionaries from several points in Sumatra, while the great island of Borneo lies about two and a half days sail to the eastward. This island was visited some years ago by two of our missionaries, with a view to finding a

suitable station for our occupancy, and at a later day an unsuccessful attempt was made to penetrate into the interior from the north. Dr. Luering was then appointed to a small station on the coast, where he remained nearly a year, studying the Dyak language and trying to find some door of access to the people living in the region beyond. We were obliged, however, to recall him to Singapore, to strengen our force, which had been weakened in that important center.

When at the following session of the Central Conference the Rev. Dr. Luering gave a report of his work in far off Borneo, an extraordinary impression was made upon the minds of the delegates.

DYAK CHIEF.

DYAK.

All the interior of the great island of Borneo, an island, by the way, which is as large as France, is inhabited by tribes of wild people called Dyaks. These men, without exception, are said to be "head hunters," that is, men who make it an object in life to possess themselves of the skulls of persons killed by themselves. It is said that a young man is not considered worthy of acceptance as a husband until he has killed somebody; and every man's standing is much influenced by the number of polished skulls which he is able to hang up under the ridge-pole of his bamboo dwelling. A common belief is entertained that when a man kills anyone and possesses himself of the skull of his victim.

that as long as he keeps it, he will have incorporated into his own person all the courage and other virtues which belonged to the murdered man, and hence every Dyak warrior is extremely unwilling to part with one of these trophies.

It is not strange that the big, rich island of Borneo is sparsely inhabited; it would be impossible for it to be otherwise. The people spend their days in hunting one another down, and murder has long since ceased to be regarded as a serious crime. It is among such people as these that, in some parts of the island, German missionaries have already achieved notable success, and it seems as if God, in his providence, designs that our own missionaries should have a share in the great work of rescuing one of the most beautiful regions on the globe, from the reign of heathenism in its most cruel character.

After giving some details in regard to his life in Borneo, Dr. Luering went on to speak of the terrible ravages caused by this custom of head-hunting. During his comparatively brief stay he was able to master one of the Dyak dialects sufficiently to converse freely with the people, and among others a man of considerable local influence seemed to be much influenced by what he heard concerning Christ, and his mission among men. He had frequently talked to Dr. Luering about becomimg a Christian, and at times it seemed as if he was really inclined to take that decisive step. This man had no less than ninety skulls suspended in his dwelling, and his visitors would always see them occupying their conspicuous place, and know that an awful story of crime was probably connected with each one of them.

When Dr. Luering received his summons to return immediately to Singapore, he called on this man to say farewell. It was a little after sunset, and the evening shadows were already beginning to fall upon the village. The Dyak was much surprised, and apparently sincerely sorry, when the missionary told him that he must leave next day, and that he had come to say farewell. The Dyak remonstrated warmly, and urged him to remain, but was told in reply that there seemed no prospect that, even if he should remain, he or any other Dyaks would give up

their sins and become Christians. He was assured that possibly in a little time the man of the house himself would take that much desired step, whereupon Dr. Luering said to him, "If you are sincere, you will give me a token of your honest purpose. You have often told me you would be a Christian, and you now repeat it again; if you will become a Christian I will take the responsibility of remaining, to help the rest of your people into a better life; or, if you will even give me a pledge of your sincere purpose to become a Christian in the future, I will see to it that someone comes to you without delay. The pledge which I ask is this: let me take one of those skulls and carry it back with me to Singapore, and I will keep it as a token on your part that you wish us to return, and that you honestly intend to become a Christian man." At the mention of so startling a proposal the Dyak grasped his long knife, a terrible weapon in the use of which they are fearfully skilful, and looked as if he would revenge the insult offered him on the spot. His friends also looked startled, for according to their notions no proposal could have been more insulting. The missionary, however, remained calm, and persisted in repeating his proposal. There was silence for a little time, and then the Dyak, pointing to the skulls, said to Dr. Luering, "Take one." The permission was immediately accepted, and the horrible trophy was carried back to Singapore.

When Dr. Luering finished the recital of this story some one struck up a strain of the hymn with which we had all been familiar since earliest childhood:

"Shall we whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?"

and as we all joined in singing the familiar words, an extraordinary influence seemed to fall upon the assembly. It was a baptism of missionary love and zeal. None of us had ever seen anything like it in our missionary experience.

CHAPTER XX.

BISHOP E. W. PARKER.

Rev. E. W. Parker, D. D., Missionary Bishop for Southern Asia, was born at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, January 21st, 1833. He received his education at Newberry Seminary and at the Biblical Institute at Concord, New Hampshire. He joined the church in 1853 and was admitted into the Vermont Conference in 1857. After one pastorate of two years he was ordained Deacon and Elder by Bishop Ames and sailed with J. W. Waugh, C. W. Judd, J. M. Thoburn and C. R. Downey for India. They arrived on the 21st of August.

Bishop Parker's first appointment was to the Bijnaur District, in which were one million of people, who had never heard a missionary. Here he gained a knowledge of the Hindustani language. From Bijnaur he went to Moradabad.

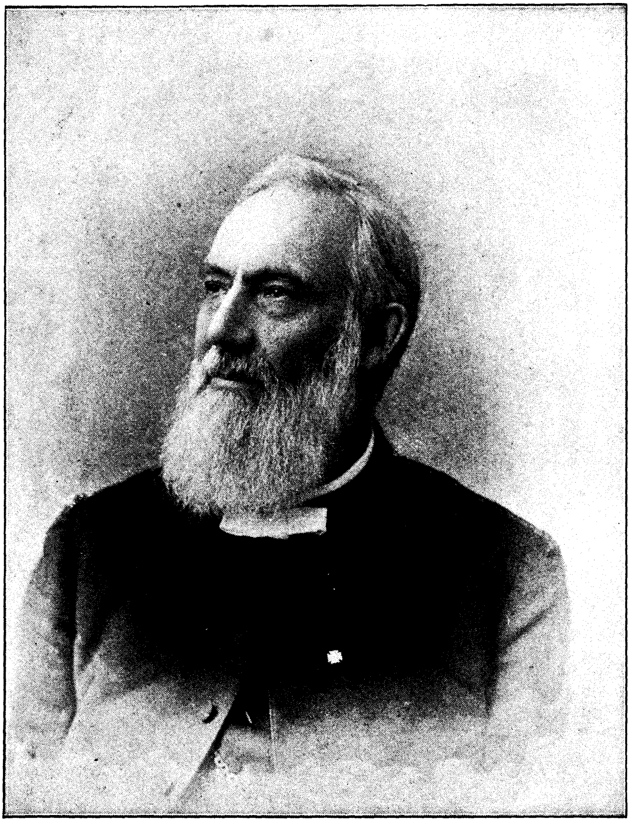
In 1864 he commenced the presiding eldership term, in which he continued, with a break of only three years, until he was elected Bishop in 1900.

In 1885 commenced the great revival, the turning of thousands of the natives to Christ. Bishop Parker led, but such men as T. J. Scott, Hoskins and many other brethren, both American and Hindustani ably seconded the effort.

In Moradabad the high school and all the schools attained a high state of efficiency. His well-formed plans and strong administration so gained the confidence of consecrated stewards like Dr. Goucher that means were provided him for placing the educational work on a firm foundation.

Bishop Parker sees all features of the work and supports every effort which has for its end the building up of Christ's kingdom.

T. C.



BISHOP E. W. PARKER, D. D.

CHAPTER XXI.

BISHOP WARNE, D. D.

Bishop Frank W. Warne was born in 1854 and joined the Methodist Church of Canada in 1868. In 1874 he joined the Ontario Conference of the M. E. Church and was ordained Deacon in 1876 and Elder in 1878 by Bishop Carmen. He served in Manitoba as a missionary three years. In 1884 he graduated from Garret Biblical Institute and took pastorates in the suburbs of Chicago.

In 1887 he went to India and took up the very responsible position of pastor of the English Church. (This church seats 1,400.) That pastorate has continued for thirteen years, and for twelve of these years he has been Presiding Elder of the Bengal District.

With the pastorate of the Calcutta church go many other duties. He has had much to do with the building up of Christ's cause in its very important school work. English schools, both for girls and boys, have been well maintained. On the philanthropic side he has stooped to lift up some of the "submerged tenth" found in Calcutta. Two orphanages and one industrial home are helpful to waif and stranded adult. He is the general secretary of the Epworth League of India and the Lord's Day Union.

Calcutta is the headquarters of the government of the empire of India, and of the subordinate government of Bengal. Great movements which are intended to exercise a moral influence upon the millions of India usually emanate from the Calcutta missionary body. It has fallen to the lot of our Bishop more than once to be the representative of this missionary body to convey its important conclusions and resolutions to the Governor-General and his council.

T. C.

CHAPTER XXII

SOOBOONAGAM AMMAL.

SOOBOONAGAM AMMAL.

Sooboonagam is a convert to Christianity of recent date. The incidents briefly given shed light upon the Zenana work

and the career of a woman of India in the very highest position of life. A most interesting account of this lady's conversion has been written by Miss Grace Stephens. The following is the substance of an interview taken from the New York Tribune:

Sooboonagam Ammal is the daughter of A. L. Venkataramana Pantulu, the first man to take the double degree of M. A. and B. L. in the University of Madras. He held high government places and was one of the examiners of the university. At the time of his death he was sub-judge in the district of Madura. He was a leading citizen of Madras, enjoyed the friendship and confidence of eminent Europeans and Hindoos and possessed great wealth. The family belonged to the strictest sect of Brahmis—the Pantulas, the Hindoo missionaries or priestly class. Sooboonagam was always of a religious turn of mind. From her earliest days there was no ceremony in which she did not take part. She went with the family to eight sacred rivers, besides bathing many times in the sea. She visited fifty temples, and the bread that she ate was brought to her from the temple at Triplicane. At one time she fasted for forty days to appease the gods and have peace in her home. She took nothing at this time but milk. On another occasion, in order to perform a ceremony rigidly, she fasted for twenty-five days, and went every evening to the sea at Cassimode to bathe and so purify herself. During those days of fasting she performed penances with every ceremony. She used to go around a certain sacred tree forty-two times early every morning, and at each circuit made an offering to the shrine attached to the holy tree. Not satisfied with this, she joined her mother in taking upon herself the seal of the priests. This is seldom done by young women; but her mother, as a token of being wholly devoted to the gods and that she was to live a most sacred life, had the seal imbedded in the flesh of her own arm. The priests refused to do this for Sooboona-

gam Ammal, notwithstanding her entreaties and the large sum of money she paid them. However, instead of sealing her on the arm they gave her a sacred powder always to be worn upon her person.

Sooboonagam was married when she was ten years old to her nearest marriageable relative, who was a worthless hanger-on in the family. Her father died just before this, leaving her her "portion." Ten thousand rupees ($3,350) were spent at her wedding, many important people were present, and gifts of jewels, clothes and vessels which she received amounted to a fortune.

According to the custom of Hindoo wives, she divided her time between her mother's and her husband's homes. It was at the former place that she first met Christian teachers. There were prayers in the Vedas and Shastras which she could not perform without the knowledge of Tamil, and to learn that language she employed a teacher from the Methodist mission of Madras. But it was a rule with these women not to give instruction unless the Gospels could be taught. This was explained to Sooboonagam, but she assured her mother and friends that such teaching would go in one ear and out of the other. Gradually she lost zeal for idol worship, became interested in the Bible, resolved to become a Christian and give herself to the work of the Lord. On a Christmas eve she took the decided step; left home, left all, and alone, save the Savior's presence, made her way to the mission house. Here she found Miss Stephens, the representative of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, who welcomed her.

The grief and chagrin and indignation of her friends were great, and every effort was put forth to wipe out what they considered the greatest possible disgrace. The mother undertook a pilgrimage of 1,600 miles to Benares, the great holy city of the Hindoos, and the effigy of the living disciple of Christ was burned.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE STORY OF THE DARJEELING DISASTER.

By Bishop F. W. WARNE, D. D.

An account of that dreadful landslide; the burial alive of five of the Lee children; the anguish of Mrs. Lee; the courage of the fourteen-year-old Edith Warne, and the trying experience of the heroic Miss Stahl, the brave Mrs. Warne and the intrepid Miss Perkins, with the testimony of Wilbur Lee, saved for a week, who tells his story of the last hours of his brother and four sisters.

EXPLANATION OF INDIAN TERMS:

Ayah—nurse, woman servant.	Sáhil —sir.
Máll—boulevard.	Tiffin—a light lunch at noon.
Miss Sáhib—young lady.	Bearer—servant in charge of a house.

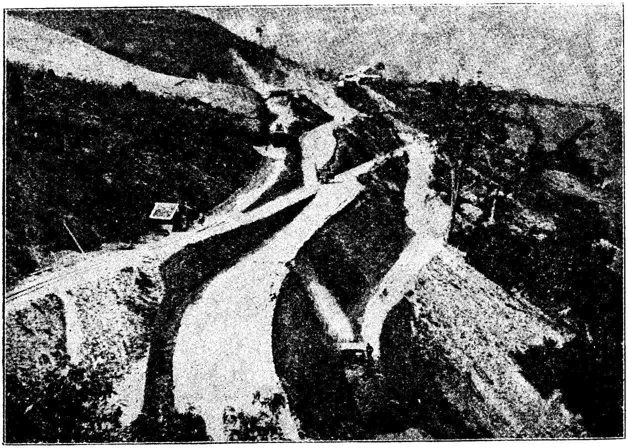
The á is pronounced as a in man; the i as i in hit.

THE FIRST NEWS IN CALCUTTA.

"Both Safe at Grand Hotel. Ida Villa Destroyed." Two gentlemen were waiting at my home for an explanation of the above telegram when I came in to dinner at 7 p. m. September 25th. They supposed I could explain how "Ida Villa" had been destroyed as it stood on the mountain side at Darjeeling, just above Arcadia, in which we had our Darjeeling Girls' School. It was my first intimation of anything out of the ordinary. I remember saying, as a first thought, "If there had been an earthquake we would have felt it, or would have had the news; there must have been a fire." "Ida Villa" could have burned and Arcadia could have escaped, I thought, and was only slightly anxious; but I was anxious.

My servant came in and I asked: "Has a telegram come for me?" "Yes, sahib, but the man would not leave it with-

out a receipt." I knew then that there was trouble, but what? While we stood bewildered, another gentleman, whose daughter was in Arcadia, arrived with a telegram he had received. It read, "Heavy landslide, Winnie safe, coming by first train." "Winnie," his daughter, was in Arcadia; my own wife and daughter were in Arcadia. Are they safe? What is in the undelivered telegram? were the questions that came rushing to my mind. The cause of the destruction of



DARJEELING.

"Ida Villa" had been explained, but how "heavy" the "landslide" I did not know.

HASTENS TO TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

I hastened to the telegraph office for the missing telegram, but could get no trace of it. I then, with a burden of fear and uncertainty, hurried to several newspaper offices, and learned that the following telegram had been sent from the Commissioner at Darjeeling to the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal:

"Mall Villas destroyed, lives lost as follows: D. H. Lee's children, eldest girl found dead, eldest boy saved, rest missing. At Ida Villa, Phœbe and Ruth Wallace, Eric Anderson, all dead."

These lost children were pupils of Arcadia, situated just below "Ida Villa." How they got to "Ida Villa," and what about the rest, was all a mystery. I mused. Lee's children all dead but one! How can I tell it? How can they bear it? My wife and child must be alive, because their names are not among the dead. Then the many possible conditions between being dead and having escaped without injury were in my mind. Who else has suffered? I was not told of sweet Violet Pringle, and did not know of her death until next morning, when her name appeared in the papers. I hastened toward home, and on my way met Rev. Herbert Anderson, India Secretary of the Baptist Mission. He had received a telegram stating that his "dear boy Eric" had been killed, but he was still hoping that it was not true. It was my painful duty in the darkness of the night to confirm the sad news, and see him clasp his head with both hands, and to hear him pray: "O God, help his poor mother." None but those who have had such news concerning their own can understand its crushing power. I had to hasten on to the Deaconess Home in which Mr. and Mrs. Lee were then living, and, How shall I tell them? was the uppermost thought. When I arrived at the home, I met Miss Maxey and Miss Blair, two deaconesses, at the door. Let Miss Blair describe what followed:

"A message had come for Mrs. Robinson, and Miss Maxey and I started out to take it across to her. Mr. Warne, just returned from the telegraph office, met us; his face was drawn, I thought, with anxiety for his own. He seized the envelope, tore it open, and read, 'Flora (Robinsin) safe. Coming by first train.' No news of his family. Miss Maxey went in with the message, and Mr. Warne, motioning me

aside, said in a voice trembling with emotion, 'All the Lee children, except Wilbur, are dead!' Oh, those terrible words! It could not be—surely it could not be! My heart cried out against it. Vida, brave, womanly Vida, caring with a mother's tenderness for her younger brothers and sisters; Lois, the darling and joy of all their hearts; Herbert, and quaint, sweet little Ada; and baby Esther, just past her fifth birthday; that they had all gone, in a moment, like the puff of a candle, seemed beyond belief. But how to tell the poor parents—should we tell them at once, or wait till the statement was verified?"

NEWS BROKEN TO MR. LEE.

We went out, Miss Maxey and Miss Blair, to take the good news to Mrs. Robinson, wife of the editor of the "Indian Witness," while I hastened to my home, behind the church, to see if any other news had arrived, only to be disappointed. On my return, in the shade behind the church, I met Mr. Lee. "Have you any news?" were his first words. "Yes," I said, "terrible landslips; Eric Anderson, Phœbe and Ruth Wallace killed, but no news of my people, and nothing definite about the rest in the school." His thought was of his own, and he at once asked: "Any news of our children?" The dreaded time when the terrible news must be told had come. By this time we were out of the shade of the church and under the light of the street lamp. I tried to break it gently, and answered: "Yes, Brother Lee, there is some news. The house in which your children were is gone." He seemed to know the rest, for in an instant his erect and alert form was bowed, as if he were a man of eighty years, and with feeble, tottering steps, not uttering a word, he moved off through the darkness toward the Deaconess Home. Afterward he said to me: "I thought you would fall to the earth when you told me the house was gone."

At this moment Miss Maxey and Miss Blair were coming across the street. I left them to follow Mr. Lee to their

home, and I went to tell Miss Widdifield, and to get news to Miss Craig, Mr. Chew and other members of the mission. I will let Miss Blair describe what happened while I was giving the information to others:

"We met Mr. Warne at the church gate and saw Mr. Lee just turning away.

"'I have told him the house is gone,' was whispered as we came up; 'I couldn't tell him the rest.'

"There was no need. The matter had been taken out of our hands; he knew. We overtook him in a moment, and

MRS. LEE AND CHILD.

Miss Maxey, thinking to reassure him, made some remark, but he walked on without a word. She spoke again; still no word did he say. He was like one stunned. Suddenly he stopped and said, 'All my children gone!'

"Then it was we told him all we knew. He said no more, but went directly upstairs to the room where sat poor Mrs. Lee by the side of her sleeping baby. There was no need to speak. She saw it written in our faces. Mr. Lee sat down and looked at her, seeming still unable to shake off the spell which held him.

" 'Are the children all right?' she said, and when still no word was spoken, she cried out in agony, 'Oh, what is the matter? Are they safe? What is the matter?'

NEWS BROKEN TO MRS. LEE.

" 'Darling,' he said, 'they are all gone but Wilbur.' And then a cry, the cry of a mother's breaking heart, rang through the room.

" 'O my God! Why didn't He take us all! Oh, what is there left to live for!' "

After having given the awful information to the other missionaries, I hastened to the Deaconess Home, where all our mission people soon gathered, and where we together spent most of the night, giving what sympathy we could and praying with the sorrow-stricken parents. On my arrival I found Sister Lee, in her husband's arms, looking as pale as death, her forehead cold, her breathing scarcely perceptible, her hands rising and falling at her side, and she moaning out, "My darling girls, Vida! Vida!! Vida!!! Lois, precious Lois! Darling, cheerful Ada. Esther—Esther, my baby girl —Esther—not a girl left! Not a girl left!! Not a girl left!!! O my God—not a girl left. What does it mean? Did I love them too much? Was I too proud of them? Have I sinned? My precious Herbert—no more hugs, no more kisses. Did they suffer? Did they all go together? They are happy, they are with Jesus. Why were we not all taken with them? I have lived too much for earth, and too little for heaven."

The husband and father—devoted husband and affectionate father, brave man—he held and comforted his heart-broken wife, as if he had not a sorrow of his own. He would

say: "Darling, Jesus gave them to us. Jesus loved them. Jesus has taken his own. Don't weep, darling, they are with Jesus in heaven and we'll soon be with them." The rest of us looked on "dumb with silence." Such a providence would be mysterious under any circumstances, but to us, as missionaries, at first it seemed almost as if God discouraged missionaries and was frustrating the purposes of His best and most devoted workers. The Lee children had given themselves to mission work. Just about two weeks before I remembered having gone in when Brother and Sister Lee were at tiffin, which was just after the arrival of the Darjeeling mail, and Brother Lee, in his most cheerful and happy mood,

THE LEE CHILDREN.

sprang up and shook a letter which he had just received from Vida, his eldest daughter, and said: "No father ever received a better letter from a better daughter than I have received from Vida." He waved the letter in the air, and said, "It's worth a thousand dollars." It was dated September 7th, 1899, and in it she said:

RECALLS A PRECIOUS LETTER.

"My darling papa, we were all talking the other night of what we would do for you both, and I am sure Frank (a baby nine months old) would have joined if he had been here. Wilbur says he won't charge anything for your teeth being fixed. Lois will doctor you free. The rest of us, you know, ain't so sure of our money as they two are. And Herbert,

Professor Lee, will make home 'comfee.' I will try hard to keep up your work. I am sure God has called me to it, and will be with me. Now I have told you what I did not expect to. I have told you what is in my heart, I am God's for your work, trust me and believe me, your loving and affectionate daughter, Vida."

What a contrast between that scene and the one of which I now write! As the night wore on, and we prayed, and asked for light on the mystery, I began to think of that wonderful hymn of William Cowper's, on the text, "Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself."

God moves in a mysterious way
  His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
  And rides upon the storm.

He treasures up his bright designs,
  Of never-failing skill,
Deep in unfathomable mines
  And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
  The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
  In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
  But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
  He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
  Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
  But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
  And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
  And he will make it plain.

Then we began to understand that in God's infinite wisdom and love He could take those dear children, whom He loved so much and who had given themselves to Him, all to heaven together, almost as painlessly as falling asleep, and use the story of their clear conversions, entire consecration and triumph in darkness and storm on that terrible night, as it would be read around the world, to soften hard hearts, to open pocketbooks, and, through the story of their death, have not only six hearts opened and consecrated to his service, but six thousand or more. Thus as the night passed away, rays of light and hope began to glimmer through the darkness. These rays, we are believing, were from the Revelation of the Spirit, the "Comforter," who was taking of the thoughts of Jesus Christ, and showing them unto us; and it is for the purpose of aiding in accomplishing what we believe to be the will of God in this otherwise very mysterious providence that the story is being told in this form.

Among the greatest wonders of the world are the Himalaya mountains, in which is situate Darjeeling, often called the "Children's Paradise," which it certainly is to the children of a large portion of the Europeans of Bengal, for, when in the hot season the temperature on the plains is from 90 to 100 degrees, in Darjeeling there is an average of 60 degrees. It is about 450 miles from Calcutta, and at an elevation of about 7,000 feet above sea level. The first 400 miles out from Calcutta the train runs through the densely populated rice districts of Bengal, where sometimes there are nine hundred people living to the square mile, and during the last fifty miles there is an ascent of about one inch in every twenty-nine and at some places one in every twenty-four. The narrow-gauge light engines and small cars used on the road which ascends the mountain has given rise to the name "Toy Railway."

AN EXHILARATING EXPERIENCE.

A ride up the mountains on this railway, with its spiral slopes, sudden reverses and sharp curves, passing places ap-

propriately called "Sensation Point" and "Agony Point," as one is hurried up through forests, tea plantations, cloud and sunshine, with a change of mountain view at every turn, until he is higher than the very clouds and in full view of the "eternal snows," is considered by tourists to be one of the most delightful, exhilarating and inspiring experiences known in a journey around the world. Darjeeling has been considered one of the safest resorts in the Himalaya mountains; there has not been a serious landslip in the memory of the oldest resident. "Arcadia," "Ida Villa" and "Mall Villa," the very houses in which the children suffered, have, without the slightest sign or suspicion of danger, been occupied every season for over thirty years; but an unusual rainfall began on Saturday, September 23d, and did not cease till 4 a. m. on Monday the 25th. Between these hours 24.70 inches of rain fell. The heaviest storm was between 4 p. m. Sunday, the 24th, and 4 a. m. Monday, the 25th, during which twelve hours fourteen inches of rain fell; but its severest fury was attained, and the greatest landslips occurred, between midnight and 2. a. m. Monday, when it would seem safe to assume that the rain was falling at about the rate of two inches per hour. Not only did the storm wash down the sides of the mountains in Darjeeling, but for many miles round the landslips were terrible.

On Monday, September 25th, before the news of the disaster at Darjeeling had reached Calcutta, Miss Fanny Perkins, a missionary from Than Daung, Burma, had left Calcutta for Darjeeling, taking with her a special parcel from Mrs. Lee for each of her children, prepared with great care by the mother, not knowing the children were already in heaven. Miss Perkins found two breaks in the road before reaching Kurseong, one necessitating a walk of a mile and a half, the other two miles. She reached Kurseong at 2 o'clock, Tuesday, the 26th, and as she was one of the first party of Europeans who went over the road, I will let her tell her own story of bravery and endurance:

MISS FANNY PERKINS PROCEEDS OVER WASHOUTS.

"The train did not go any farther and I knew nothing of broken telegraph connections and had decided to send Miss Stahl word that I had tried to visit her, but could get no further, and I engaged a seat in the next train returning. I was standing watching four gentlemen who were preparing to walk through. One of them went to a shop across the street and soon returned and said to the others, 'That's terrible news from Darjeeling. The Rev. Mr. Lee and family have been swept down the mountain side and are lost.' I went out and said, 'That's a mistake as far as Mr. and Mrs. Lee are concerned; they are in Calcutta, but their children are living in Darjeeling. Are you sure it's true about the loss of the family?' 'Well, it's Mall Villa No. 2. Do you know their house?' I went to the box and there found the same name and number. The thought of returning to Mrs. Lee when so near and perhaps able to be of some service seemed impossible, and I asked the gentlemen to permit me to go through with them. They looked a little doubtful, and I assured them I would cause them no delay, as I was fully equal to the walk, and they consented. I had my breakfast at 11 o'clock, but there was no time to get any food to take with me, as the others were ready to go, and it was late. Mr. Pascal secured me a coolie for my box and bundle and we started off—Messrs. Pascal, Burke, Pymm, Macdonald and myself. We had seven or eight coolies with us, one of whom had been over the road from Sonada that day. We left Kurseong at 4 p. m. The first washout was close to the town. They told us that there was a footpath, but we would find it very hard to get through, as there was a very bad washout in the fortieth mile (the miles are numbered from Siliguri). We found several bad places before we reached Toong, but the ease with which we crossed them encouraged us to think that we would not find it impassable. We rested at the Toong station five minutes, then hastened on in order to pass the bad washout before dark. We reached what we supposed answered the

description, where the railway irons and ties hung like a suspension bridge over a space two hundred feet long. It was at a place where the road bent in, and from a point several hundred feet above there had been a great sweep of rocks, carrying away the railway bed. In the middle of the slip was a torrent of water. The only sign of a footpath was a bridge made of small tree trunks thrown across the torrent. Climbing over the loose rocks on the steep mountain side, we made for the bridge, which was about a foot wide. We crossed the break successfully and congratulated ourselves that we had been wise in passing it before dark. Daylight faded, the stars came out, and we found ourselves at the edge of a washout as large as the other and much worse, because the rocks

CROSSES IN THE DARKNESS OVER ROCKS AND MUD ON HANDS AND FEET.

were mixed with soft earth and water. We had no light save matches. Mr. Macdonald was ahead, then a coolie, Mr. Pascal and myself behind the others. The coolie called back that the "miss sahiba" could not come, and as we neared the torrent Mr. Pascal drew back, saying, 'It's too bad, Miss Perkins; we can't go.' I heard Mr. Macdonald's voice across the torrent, and as the coolie reached down his hand I took it and went up and crossed the temporary bridge on my hands and feet. The rest came over soon, and we made our way over fallen trees and rocks, through mud and water. Ofttimes when I sought a safe footing, my walking stick would sink to my hand in the soft mud. It was an awful place. But we came out on the railway again and found ourselves near a native hut. We aroused the inmates and purchased an old lantern (which did service for two miles or more) and some mustard oil. I had two towels in my handbag, one of which I tore and made torches, which gave us light. We found that instead of one washout there were many after the fortieth mile. Indeed, it was washout or washin most of the way to Ghoom. We had to walk in many

places on a wet parapet, which on the top was only about a foot wide. A misstep might land a person hundreds of feet below. But our feet did not slip and we reached Sonada soon after nine o'clock. Here we rested for half an hour and the native postmaster made tea for us. We had some lunch with us and the hot tea refreshed us. We here secured four bottles of oil and my other towel was torn to serve as a torch.

"We had nine miles before us, and we found the road about the same as that over which we had passed. At Ghoom we rested for five minutes and then pushed on. The moon had risen in her fullness, and the walk up over Jalapahar was delightful. From Kurseong to Ghoom there was the constant roar of falling water, but from here there was silence, because our path for a distance of five miles took us away from the railway track, as we found its bed in the mountain side entirely swept away. We were compelled to climb a high mountain spur, which carried us above Darjeeling. As we came down over the hill the challenge of the sentinel rang out in the stillness. We passed on and came to where we could see Darjeeling nestling in the mountain side. It was a beautiful sight! Deathlike stillness reigned. I inquired of a policeman for "Arcadia" and was told that the school had moved out. The man said he knew the house and would take me to it. Bidding the others good-night, I went on my way. It was just three o'clock when we reached Darjeeling, but it was four before I found the house where Miss Stahl, principal of Arcadia, was staying.

RECEIVED BY THE SCOTCH ZENANA MISSION.

"The Arcadia Girls' School had been received by the Scotch Zenana Mission Ladies, and Miss Reid opened her door for me that morning and gave me a most cordial welcome. We were the first Europeans who had passed over the road, and our arrival was an omen of good. Muddy and wet, I did not present a very pleasing picture. Miss Reid insisted on my going to bed at once, while she prepared a cup

of hot tea. This early chhota hazri (little breakfast) was exceedingly refreshing. I was then told to go to sleep, but closed eyes brought pictures of rocks, mud, fallen trees and hanging railway lines. At the usual hour of rising I was shown into Miss Stahl's room. It is needless to say that she was glad to see me, and we had much to say to each other. I learned that Wilbur Lee had been found and was still living, though his recovery was doubtful."

BISHOP WARNE, WITH MR. LEE AND WIFE, STARTS FOR THE SCENE.

Just forty-eight hours later than the time Miss Perkins left Calcutta, another party left for Darjeeling, composed of the Rev. D. H. and Mrs. Lee, "baby Frank," J. W. Pringle (father of sweet Violet, who entered into rest from Ida Villa on that terrible night), and the writer. In the journey up to Kurseong there was nothing unusual, except the surprise at our going so soon after the disaster, and the sorrow that overshadowed us. In a conversation overheard between Mrs. Lee and Mr. Pringle, it was mutually decided that God had some very special blessing for each of them, or He would not have so afflicted, and both agreed that they would seek until they found the purposed blessing.

At Kurseong we procured ponies, but only rode five miles, and then reluctantly let them return, because we came to a break in which over a hundred yards of the railway line was gone and over which the ponies could not pass. We scrambled up the mountain side on our hands and feet and crossed a bridge consisting of two logs, which had been thrown across the waterfall, and then picked our way over boulders and through slush down again to the railroad. Such experiences became common during the next ten miles. Over forty places were counted where the railroad was either washed away or buried. Then the one counting grew weary, but afterward estimated that forty other such places were crossed before reaching Ghooms. When we began to walk a

"BABY FRANK."

novel and interesting method was devised for carrying "baby Frank." A little coolie girl who carries bundles on her back up the mountains was secured, who had an inverted cone-shaped basket, which we cushioned with an overcoat, and "baby Frank" sat in this basket with his laughing face above the brim. Throughout the journey this little man proved himself an excellent traveler, and soothed his parents with his smiles and baby talk. At this stage he appeared to the best advantage, for, notwithstanding his new surroundings and mode of conveyance, he was full of fun, screaming with laughter, and kept one of us busy watching that, in his dancing, baby glee, he did not jump out of his basket. The largest break on the line was about three hundred yards in a semicircular form, and the iron rails were torn and twisted as if they had been made of iron threads. Huge boulders had been rolled down; in fact, the hillside had been completely carried away, and perhaps more than anywhere else on the line was the mighty power of God manifested in the devastation the storm had wrought, and we keenly felt the littleness and utter helplessness of man in the presence of such overwhelming destruction.

ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST ENTERTAINS THE BISHOP'S PARTY.

At Sonada, ten miles from Darjeeling, night overtook us, and though we were intensely anxious to proceed, yet with Mrs. Lee and the baby in our party, we felt that to go forward in the night was neither wise nor safe, but we had nowhere to sleep. In this hour of extremity a priest came down from one of the Roman Catholic sanitariums situated close by and kindly offered us entertainment for the night, which offer we gladly and gratefully accepted, and we were most delightfully entertained. On the following morning we rose much refreshed, ate a hearty breakfast, and started out on foot, feeling grateful to the kind-hearted priest. I noted that all hearts were touched when it was known that Mrs. Lee and

"baby Frank" were in our party. People vied with each other to see who could do the most for them. We had again reached a place where the journey could be made on ponies, and two ponies were ready to carry Mr. and Mrs. Lee into Darjeeling. A basket was specially prepared for "baby Frank" and a known and trusted servant sent to carry the precious baby. For this kindness Mrs. Lee is indebted to Mrs. Brown. Five miles further on at Ghoom a refreshing repast was given us at the home of the Rev. Mr. Frederickson of the Scandinavian Mission. From Ghoom we ceased to even follow the railway line, for from there to Darjeeling we were told the railroad bed was almost entirely gone. We ascended by a hard climb the Jalapahar mountain, and as we approached its summit the eternal snows in the golden glow of the early morning broke upon our view, and as we looked at the range, hundreds of miles in length, it seemed that nothing more beautiful and majestic could be seen until we see the King of Kings in all His glory. Darjeeling was reached in a short time, and the party separated; the Rev. D. H. and Mrs. Lee to the bedside of their boy, Wilbur; Mr. Pringle to some friends, and I to where the Arcadia School was being kindly and gratuitously sheltered.

The death of the four children of the Arcadia Girls' School was caused by the falling in of the walls of the room in which they were at the time. The building was of stone, and a boulder, coming down from the hill above, struck the house with such force that the walls collapsed without a moment's warning. There were nine ladies sitting in the room with the children when the walls fell, nearly all of whom were more or less injured. The story of the last day and night will be told by those who passed through it.

MISS STAHL'S ACCOUNT OF THE LAST DAY AND NIGHT IN ARCADIA.

"There are two memories connected with our last Sunday at Arcadia. While the rain was falling in torrents outside

we had a quiet, lovely day in the school, and no one thought of fear. The morning service in the church is at 11 o'clock and Sunday-school immediately after. When the school bell rang at 8 o'clock, as usual, for the study of the Sunday-school lesson, seeing that we would probably not be able to go to church, I reviewed the lessons of the quarter with the older girls. Miss Brittain took the little girls, taught them the Golden Text, and read Bible verses to them until 9:30, the hour for morning prayers. On Sunday we always spent half an hour at prayers, sang several hymns, read the lesson for the day, and the little ones recited a psalm in concert. That morning they recited the 90th Psalm: 'Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.' The prayer closed the exercises, and then we had breakfast. After breakfast the children played about or looked at picture books, and the older ones read for an hour or more. Then all were made to lie down on their beds and sleep or read, as they chose, until dinner time, which was at 2:30. The time for the Junior Christian Endeavor meeting was five o'clock, and I gave the Bible lesson that day, and the Lord gave me the verse, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' as the one to talk about. As I remember it now, if I had known that four little ones present at that meeting would be taken to heaven before morning I could hardly have said anything more appropriate. The Lord gave me the message. I knew it then, but did not know why He had given me that particular message. The lesson was, first, the sweet story of how the words came to be spoken when the mothers brought their children to show them to Jesus. The disciples thought it would annoy Him, and tried to send them away, but Jesus said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Then He took them in his arms and blessed them, which shows Jesus loves little children and loves to have them come to Him. That was the substance of the lesson, to which they all listened most attentively; they then sang the hymn about mothers bringing

their children to Jesus. Tea was at 6:30, and after that the older girls gathered round the piano and we sang hymns, while the little ones sat quietly in another room and listened to a story. At 7:30 they went to bed."

MRS. WARNE.

MISS STAHL.

Mrs. Warne, who had gone from Calcutta to spend some time in Arcadia, continues the story:

FOUND THE HOUSE BEING UNDERMINED BY WATER.

"About 8 o'clock in the evening we heard a peculiar roar, which Edith, my only daughter, a child under fourteen years of age, said was thunder. I went down to see Miss Stahl and asked her if she had heard it, and she said it was the river roaring, in a lull in the storm, but I felt that it was a landslip. From 9:30 we sat with Miss Stahl and talked awhile. I then asked her if I could come to her room, as I was too nervous to sleep. She said, 'Yes, come,' We were just going to do this when there was the most awful roar, accompanied by the crash of stones on the roof of the room in which I lived, at

the end of the building. Miss Stahl asked, 'What is it?' I answered, 'A slide, and very near, too.' We then went up to see how the girls were in the dormitory, and, finding them all quiet, we came back to consult as to what to do next. I said, 'We are responsible for these girls, and I think we had better get them up the hill.' Just then we heard cries and pitiful screams from outside, and, on going out, found all the school servants who had escaped coming to the house. They said their houses had been swept away, one sweeper killed, the washerman, the watchman and his whole family covered (seven in all) by the debris. Miss Stahl took a lantern from the head bearer and went toward that end of the building to see what had happened, but before going two-thirds of the way she was over her ankles in water and mud, and was told she would be swept away if she went on. We now felt that it was too much risk to remain in a building being undermined by a stream of water. The teachers were awakened; Miss Stahl went up the hill to Ida Villa to see if we could bring the children up there. While she was away Edith and I wakened the small children sleeping in a dormitory by themselves. We went to their room and soon quietly roused and dressed them. None were over nine years of age. Edith woke them, as she was a favorite, and could do it without alarming them. We soon had them dressed without arousing fear, some asking why we woke them so soon. We told them we were going up to Ida Villa, as a part of the hill had come down on the servants, and we wanted to go higher up. Eric Anderson was the last one I helped, and he dressed as if for the day, putting his little night suit on his pillow as he would have done in the morning. Phœbe Wallace, the school pet, laughed at me as I went round fastening a button here or a shoestring there that some child could not master. Her ayah put on her dress over her night clothes and rolled her up in a blanket, leaving an opening through which we kissed her happy little face, but she knew nothing of the fear we had for her and the other little ones we had under our care. Miss

Stahl returned and said we could go. Edith and I went with those whom we had dressed, and some of the older girls who were also ready. Miss Stahl came later with the others. We climbed by the sweeper's path, up the hill, the water coming down it as if in a drain and the rain pouring in torrents upon us. Mr. and Mrs. Lindeman gave us a kind welcome, beside a good fire in a pleasant little drawing-room. We had the children take off their shoes and dry their feet, and after a time put them on the floor to have a sleep. Miss Stahl and I went from group to group and talked with the older girls, who realized what had happened, and tried, by being calm ourselves, to keep them the same. The smaller children laughed and played, and one by one fell asleep, with their heads under a round table and their feet sticking out, spoke fashion. Eric Anderson was full of fun, and as he saw a hole in a stocking of a boy next to him, said, 'Mrs. Warne, I have found a potato.' As we were thus sitting and passing the time, without any warning, a slide came on the south and west ends of the room, filling it with the falling stones and dust. There was pitch darkness for a time, but when it subsided we saw the stones still falling, but, to our joy, the hanging lamp was burning as if nothing had happened. It seemed miraculous that the end of the beam on which the lamp hung should be saved and enough roof above it to protect the lamp from the rain. This lamp burned till morning. As soon as the dust cleared away we saw that all the teachers, except one, were wholly or partially covered with the falling debris. Miss Stahl and I got five children out by lifting stones off them. It is still a marvel to me, when I remember the large stones which we rolled off the children, that none of their bones were broken and no one seriously injured. This is probably accounted for, partly, by their having so strangely (which now seems providential) gone to sleep under the table. The next work was to get the teachers out. When we had released all we could, there was still covered Muriel Haskew, all but her head; but Violet Pringle, Ruth and Phœbe Wallace, the ayah,

Eric Anderson and little Blanche Limpus were entirely buried. Finally we could do no more, and Mrs. Lindeman came to me and said, 'Oh! Mrs. Warne; if someone could get out and bring help! My poor husband (an old gentleman) has not the strength to do all that is needed.' Edith was standing near me, and said, 'Mamma, I think we can get out. I knew an old path two years ago when I roomed here.'

MRS. WARNE TAKES EDITH OUT INTO THE DARK STORMY NIGHT ALONE.

I stood bewildered a moment, and she said again, 'We can get out that way, mamma.' I could not refuse to go after this, even if it meant the end, so I said, 'We will try.' No one can ever know what it meant for me to take my dear girl out into that dark, stormy night alone. I got her where I could get a good, long look at her white, brave face, and gave her what I thought might be a good-by kiss, and we started out. We could not get out at the end door, as Edith wished, so left by a back bathroom door. At our first step we went into water to our knees. Then followed an almost perpendicular climb on our hands and knees, the water striking us on the chest like a river, and the rain falling on us in torrents. This was between 12 and 1, the time of the fiercest storm. Umbrellas and cloaks we had none, as all were covered in the room we had left. We were dressed as we had been when helping the children. After we got on the first road above there came the most dreadful roar of falling hill that we had heard, or else we felt it more, being alone. The ground shook beneath our feet, and I put my arm around Edith and said, 'Darling, it is the end.' She answered, 'No, it is behind us; come on, mamma.' I followed, and we soon came to where we had to cross the slide that had crushed the room in which we had been. Edith plunged in, and I followed as fast as my long, wet, clinging clothing would let me. I sank to the knees in mud, but got through the first slide; had a few feet of solid road, then came to another slide. I, fearing to go near the

edge, kept toward the hill, and was soon in mud above the knees, which seemed to draw me down, and I thought I was in the mouth of a drain, as I could not get out. The earth and stones began to come from above, and I expected to be covered every minute, so I called to Edith, 'Go on; I can't get out.' I hoped she would be spared to her papa in Calcutta, even if I did not get out. She called back, 'If you can't come, mamma, I am coming back to you.' I knew she would, and gave another desperate struggle, found a little more solid footing, and reached her side of the slide. We had a few more feet of solid road, and came to the crossing of another slide. In this one Edith never left me, but kept hold of my hand, and we passed over safely and reached the level road on the top of the mountain. We soon found some native policemen, and told them our sad story of the children buried, and asked them to go down the hill and help dig them out. To comply with our request required more bravery than they possessed. We had to pass on in the darkness without receiving from them any help. We called at other places on our way, but were disappointed in getting help. In our dire distress we thought of the Union Chapel Manse, half a mile farther on, and without a light we hurried on through the blinding rain, wading in water over our ankles, sometimes to the knees, sometimes running and then hardly able to walk, once climbing over a slide in which was a fallen tree. At last we reached the Manse, and were kindly taken in and tenderly cared for by Mrs. Campbell White. The Rev. Patrick McKay and Prof. Fleming of Lahore immediately left for the scene of disaster, and did excellent work."

This rather full description of the experiences and difficulties of getting up the hill through that terrible cyclone and landslips will reveal what Miss Stahl, the teachers and the girls of the school, who came up the mountain side a few hours later, passed through in that terrible night.

THE RESCUE PARTY SETS OUT.

At the house that had fallen in on the teachers and pupils, Miss Stahl continued, with Mr. Lindeman, working to rescue Muriel Haskew, but, finding herself unequal to the task, she started out to find a way to take the remaining children to safety. Ten children followed her, among them the brother and sister of Ruth and Phœbe Wallace, who were under the stones. As she was climbing the hill, she saw a light, which proved to be Miss Reid guiding the rescue party to Ida Villa, and too much praise cannot be given to her for this brave act. The rescue party, on reaching the house, found Mr. Lindeman had gathered the frightened girls who had not gone up the hill with Miss Stahl, and was having prayer with them in one of the uninjured rooms. The first work was to rescue Muriel Haskew. Beams had to be cut in three places, with a tiny meat saw, and much rubbish removed before she was free. She was released after some three hours of waiting, not knowing when more hill might come down, hearing all the talk of the children and those who were working, and at last knowing she was given up till outside help came. After all this, when someone said, "Give her brandy," she said, "I can't take it; I'm a Band of Hope girl." Little hope remained that those in the far corner could be alive. The rescuers were wet and weary, and had about decided to give up for a time, when one young man thought he heard a cry, and said, "It's the baby. Come, one more trial," and they found Blanche Limpus, who had been sheltered by a chair and the organ in a most wonderful way. Great stones were all around her; she had thrown one tiny arm over her head as if to shield it from the falling walls. When taken up by one of the men, he said to her, "God bless you, dear; we are glad to see you." She looked into his face and laughed a happy, childish laugh, and ran to the other children.

BODIES OF CHILDREN ARE RECOVERED.

More help came at daylight, and the bodies of the following four children and a native ayah were recovered: Violet

Pringle, who was the only daughter of Mr. J. W. Pringle, a well-known government servant of Calcutta. She had a slight head wound, which the doctor thought gave her a painless death, but was not at all disfigured. She was a sweet, quiet girl, loved by all. Eric Anderson, son of the Rev. Herbert Anderson, secretary of the English Baptist Mission in India, a dear, bright, fun-loving boy. Ruth Wallace, a merry maiden of nine, one of the sweet singers of the school, full of music to her busy finger-tips, and dear baby Phœbe Wallace, the pet and darling of the school, whose rosy lips had been kissed when awakened a few hours before, but now were cold in death. She was found in her faithful ayah's arms, covered with her chadar, as if she had tried to shield her darling from the stones. These two were the children of Dr. James R. Wallace, a widely-known physician in Calcutta. The bodies of these dear children were taken to the Union Chapel, where kind hands performed the last robing in earthly white, till they arise clothed in Christ's robes. Dear Lois Lee, whose body was found below Mall Villa, and whose story will be told in another chapter of the book, soon rested in Union Chapel beside the others. At one side was placed the faithful ayah who had cared for Baby Wallace.

THE BANKS OF FLOWERS AND THE FUNERAL.

On the day of the funeral many friends sent to the church baskets of flowers, wreaths and crosses of roses, lilies, chrysanthemums, ferns, and dainty creepers. These were sent by all who had a flower left after the storm. They came from the tiny garden of some quiet cottage on the hillside as well as from the Maharani's and Lieutenant-Governor's more beautiful grounds; but all alike bore a message of love and sympathy to the sad hearts of the parents away on the plains, and seemed to say, "These are also our children and in your place we pay the last tribute of love."

Long before the time of service the church was crowded, and many had taken care to remove all bright colors from

their clothing. All sects were represented, churchmen and dissenters meeting on one common platform and joining in the service. The walk to the cemetery was an impressive one. The highest government officials in Darjeeling, with the highest representatives of the Church of England and the church of Rome, followed the coffins, which were borne by a detachment of soldiers of the Munster Fusiliers, led by the military band, and the procession extended half a mile. The simple Hill people stood on either side of the road with their usually merry faces saddened and quiet—not a murmur as the procession passed along. The five bodies were laid side by side on the quiet hillside in sight of the eternal snow in the beautiful "God's Acre," to rest till Christ shall call His own (for they were His), as their schoolmates sang, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," and the archdeacon read the beautiful words, "I am the resurrection and the life." The Master's call had again been given to mothers on earth: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

MRS. LEE RELATES WILBUR'S STORY OF THAT DREADFUL NIGHT.

I asked him about that night; and he said, "Mamma, let me begin at the first and tell you all about it."

I said, "No, son; you will have plenty of time to tell me, so do not tell me all to-day. But I wish so much to know if you tried to save yourselves."

He then told me that they first tried to escape from the south side and to get down to Nos. 4 and 5 (the nearest houses), but they came to a flood of mud and water rushing down the hillside, as Wilbur said, "like the Ohio River." It was impossible for them to cross it.

They then went out the back way, going up the narrow foot path to the road, and started to the house above toward the Mall, but they found the road washed away, and nothing left on which to tread.

Vida then led them back down toward Lebong, the opposite direction, but they were met by insurmountable piles of earth and debris.

Boulders were rolling down the mountain side, trees were falling and stones flying through the air. The rain poured in torrents; the roar of the cyclone and the pitch darkness were enough to terrify the bravest heart.

Vida found she could not keep them together, and said, "I am afraid we will get lost from one another, and I promised papa I would take care of Esther. Come, we will go back to the house, and, if the Lord wishes, He can save us together, and, if not, He will take us together."

So they returned and went upstairs and built a fire and began to dry their clothes. They knelt in prayer several times asking God to protect them.

Soon they heard someone knocking on the front door. They went down and found a poor native man, all crippled and his face bleeding. He told them their house was going to fall, but he was so ill and shivering with the cold that the children became interested in him instead of themselves.

Vida took a cloth and wiped the blood from his face. They tried to lift him inside, but he fainted away. She then took the durry (large rug) from the floor near by and wrapped him up in it. Two other native men passed the door, and said, "Children, the mountain is falling down, and you had better leave."

Vida took them all back upstairs again to the fire, and, while praying, the corner of the room cracked open.

I found it agitated Wilbur very much to tell me about it, so I checked him, but he said, "Mamma, I must tell you about Vida. She sprang to her feet, her face just beaming as she said, 'Children, the house is coming down, and we will soon be in heaven.' "

"But were you not afraid, Wilbur?" I said.

"No, mamma; God had taken all the fear away, and we were all so happy. We felt just as if we were in the train

coming home to you. We said to each other, 'Now if papa and mamma and Baby Frank were only here, so we could all go to heaven together, how nice it would be.' Oh, Vida's face! Mamma, if you only could have seen her! how beautiful she looked! Her face shone like an angel's as she talked to us. She then led us into another room, and again we knelt about the bed, and we all prayed. Jessuda (our Bengali girl) was kneeling with us, and with hands clasped and looking up to heaven, she said, "O merciful God, take us now." These were her last words.

"Then there came a tremendous crash. I sprang to my feet with a lamp in my hand, just in time to see the wall come in, and I knew nothing more until I awoke in the darkness in the mud and water below. It was still raining hard. I could see two lights in the distance, and I tried to get to the one I thought nearest me. I walked a little, and then fell down asleep."

Some kind gentlemen went to him, wading in mud and water up to their waists. After a desperate struggle, an old gentleman reached him; the boy threw his arms about him, so grateful was he to him for coming. They carried him, through much difficulty, to the house, where they washed the mud away, put on warm clothes and wrapped him in blankets and then sent for the doctor.

I said to him, "Wilbur, there is one thing I wish you to tell me about. You know you could never quite say that you had been converted; that you had really been saved from your sins. How was it that night with you?"

"Oh, mamma!" he said, "I know I have been converted; that Jesus is my Savior; I was not afraid to die. I knew it was all right."

We then prayed. His prayer was, "Oh, Lord, I thank thee for not letting me die in the dark, that awful night. Bless papa, and mamma, and Baby Frank; take care of them. Bless me and take care of me, for Jesus' sake, Amen."

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